

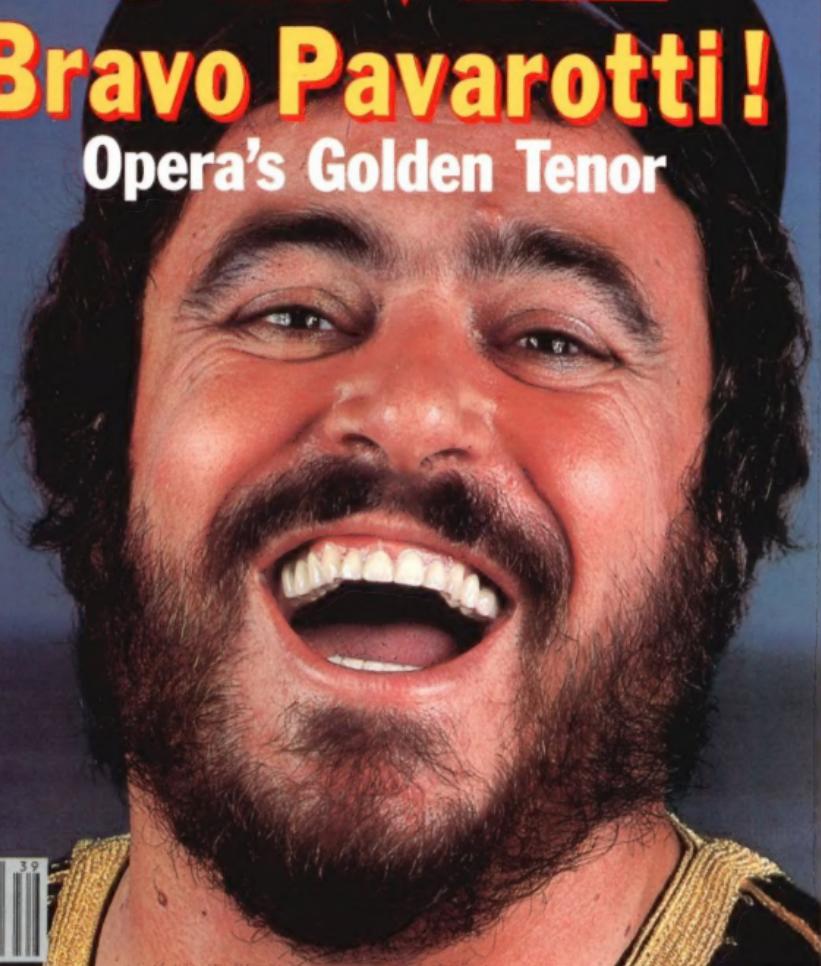
SEPTEMBER 24, 1979

\$1.25

# TIME

## Bravo Pavarotti! Opera's Golden Tenor

**KENNEDY**  
Ready, Set...



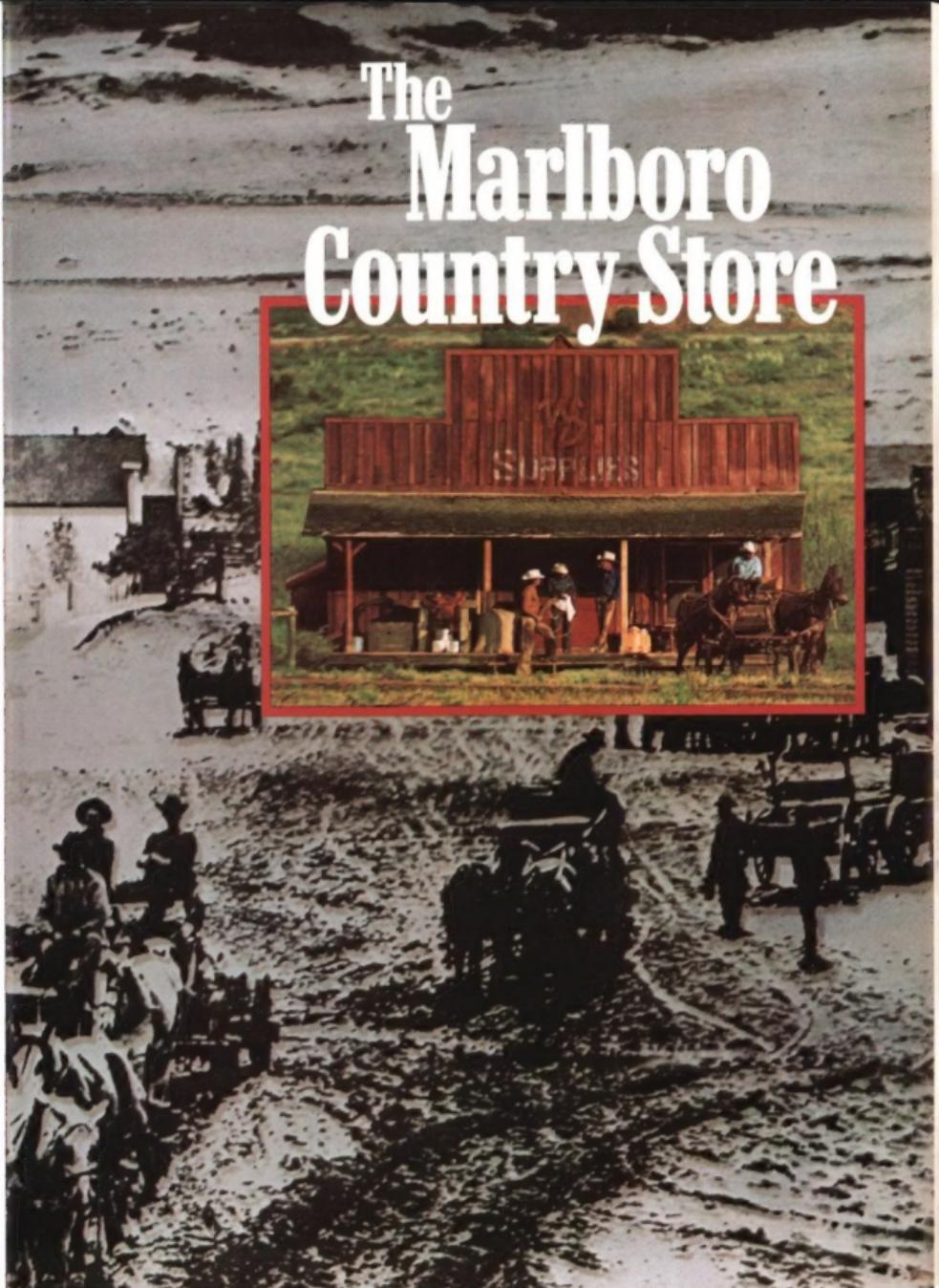
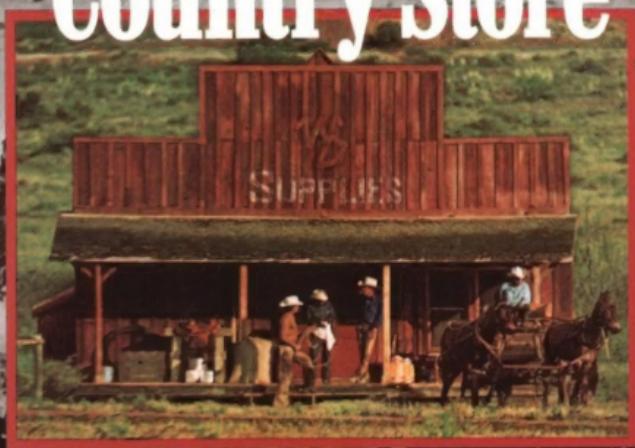
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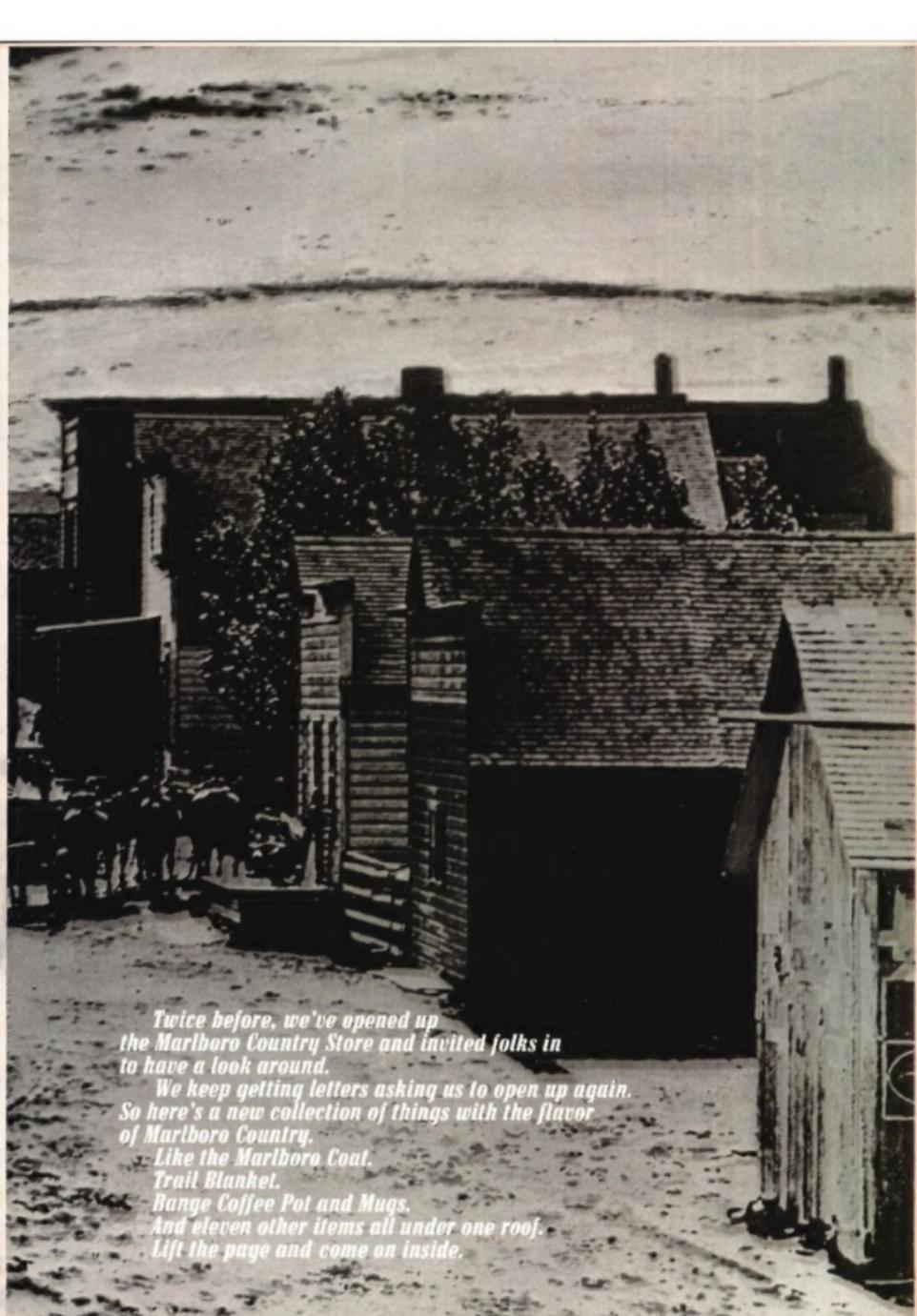


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## A Letter from the Publisher

In addition to its coverage of the week's news, TIME in recent years has been giving its readers a bonus: excerpts from major books of international consequence—the memoirs of Anwar Sadat and Theodore H. White, a study of Chiang Ching (Mme. Mao Tse-tung). But never before has TIME offered an excerpt comparable in importance or scope to the one that will run in three parts beginning next week: Henry Kissinger's long awaited memoirs. TIME's readers will be the first in the U.S. to receive a serialization of the book.

*White House Years* covers the period from Kissinger's summons to the White House as Richard Nixon's Assistant for National Security Affairs after the November 1968 election to the signing of the Viet Nam peace treaty in January 1973. A second volume, now being written, will recount the period to January 1977, during most of which Kissinger was Secretary of State. Of all the memoirs that have issued from public figures in the past decade, none can match this one, with its description of how foreign policy was made and diplomacy carried out in this supersonic age.

By almost any measure, *White House Years* is a big book. Thirty months in the writing, it runs 1,521 pages, close to three-quarters of a million words. Little, Brown, the Time Inc. subsidiary that owns North American rights to the book, plans a publication date of Oct. 23 and a first edition of 225,000 copies.

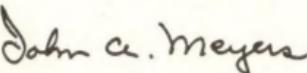
ies, an exceptionally large number. The price: \$22.50. *White House Years* has stirred extraordinary worldwide interest. In serialization or book form, it will appear in 17 languages\* besides English. Eventually, hundreds of foreign publications will carry excerpts. There will be French and English versions in Canada, and Chinese versions not only in Taipei and Hong Kong, but also in San Francisco.

TIME's excerpts will describe the end of America's involvement in Viet Nam and the beginning of its relations with the Communist government in China; how the U.S. groped toward détente with the Soviet Union and coped with crises in the Middle East, Cuba and the Indian subcontinent. We will also present a gallery of famous figures as limned by Kissinger, his insights into the statesman's craft and the philosophy that underpins his entire approach to foreign policy.

*White House Years* will obviously be required reading for all serious students of modern foreign affairs. We are confident TIME's readers will find it a compelling—and certainly controversial—account of a turbulent era in U.S. history.

\*Arabic, Chinese, Dutch, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Norwegian, Portuguese, Serbo-Croatian, Spanish, Swedish and Turkish.

## Henry Kissinger WHITE HOUSE YEARS



Cover: Photograph by Enrico Ferorelli.

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# Irving Shapiro, when did you start reading The Wall Street Journal?

"I realized pretty soon after I'd begun to practice law that I had to know more than the law. I had to know business, too," says Irving S. Shapiro, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of DuPont. "That's when I started reading The Journal, way back in 1944."

Irving Shapiro has read The Journal regularly throughout his career in government service, throughout his rise within the DuPont Company. He still starts his day with The Journal.

Of course, reading The Journal did not guarantee Irving Shapiro that he would become Chairman of the Board of the nation's leading chemical company.

Nor will reading The Journal guarantee that you will become chairman of a company. But reading it *will* guarantee that every business day, you will have in your hands news and information from everywhere



1944: Irving Shapiro as a young attorney in the U.S. Department of Justice.



Today: Irving S. Shapiro, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company.

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The Journal doesn't give you just a business-news section. It gives you a complete business-news publication—every business day. No weekly or biweekly can match The Journal's up-to-the-minute coverage. And no other daily publication comes close to the depth and scope of that coverage.

The Wall Street Journal is all about business all the time. When you're ready to get down to business, The Journal is ready to help you.

## The Wall Street Journal

All the business news you need.  
When you need it.

## Letters

### Adams' Photos

To the Editors:

If a picture is worth a thousand words, Ansel Adams' photographs [Sept. 3] open up a boundless vocabulary.

Paul Cohn  
Wyoming, Pa.

Adams' photographs are beautiful, and there are no words to describe the effect they had on me. Many thanks, Mr. Adams.

Sherry Pafford  
Hacienda Heights, Calif.

When I saw Ansel Adams on the cover, I was elated. I stopped on the way back to the house from the mailbox and took an especially long look at the Blue Ridge Mountains near my home.

Steve Harvel  
North Wilkesboro, N.C.



Many of us are still uncomfortable with the inclusion of photography in the realm of "art." The medium, for all its technical sophistication, is such a limited one. The finished product is pervaded by technology and by the physical properties of the subject itself. I enjoy Adams' work and respect his skill, but if I were he, I would prefer to have been known as a pianist.

Douglas Woody  
Eminence, Mo.

### Brown's Friends

I would never vote for Jerry Brown [Sept. 3], even if my only other choice were a Big Business candidate. I do not care to have Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden that close to our national security.

Kayleen Kersch  
San Francisco

We did not leave Viet Nam because it was a lost war; we left because it was a wrong war. To hint at anything else is a doomed attempt to hide from the shame that we should all feel in being part of

such an atrocity. We should praise the Haydens for serving to remind us and keep us from further evils.

Kevin Jaeger  
Novato, Calif.

Your report on the presidential ambitions of Governor Brown noted that he would "get a boost from the Haydens, who ... will tour 50 cities with the occasional assistance of such notables as Cesar Chavez, Gloria Steinem and Jesse Jackson."

Though you did not say that I was supporting Brown, I've received a number of calls and letters from people who got that impression. I am not supporting Brown's presidential candidacy, nor could I begin to consider such support until he renounces his current endorsement of a constitutional convention. It seems to me that this is a major and dangerous misjudgment on his part, and that he has lent credibility to the ultra-right-wing drive to rewrite and weaken the Constitution.

What I am doing is joining with Jane Fonda in speaking to women office-worker groups in Boston.

Gloria Steinem  
New York City

### At Last, Hurrah!

I have been a secretary for almost 30 years, and if it takes a shortage [Sept. 3] to get paid what we are worth, hurrah for a shortage!

Margaret Myers  
Charleston, Ill.

Does any sane individual want to make a career of answering somebody's phone and peeling his grapefruit?

The corporate structure be damned! It is nurturing the growth of skilled but faceless fingers and voices. I for one want an identity other than as somebody's "girl."

Paulette Petretti  
New York City

It is hard to believe the statement by managers that they are offering "ample pay" to secretarial applicants. It may be ample for any one of a dozen roles a secretary performs, but certainly not for more than one.

Lynn E. South  
Minneapolis

### Raque's Stunts

It must have been a stunt double who wrote that item about me and *The Legend of Walks Far Woman* [Sept. 3]. The truth is that I have done most of my own stunt work, much more than the insurance company would have liked, suffering numerous injuries in the process.

By the way, the Indians do not refer to their women as "squaws"—this is a demeaning term used only by whites—and though I have often been the object of

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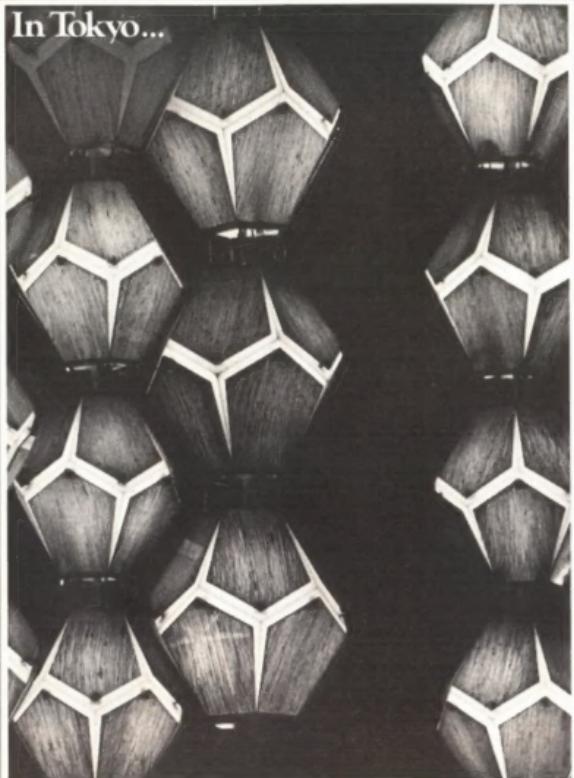
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## Letters

sexism it wounds me deeply that TIME would stoop to racism in an attempt to make a joke. The Indian I portray in this film is no joke to me.

Raquel Welch  
Los Angeles

### Another Cult

I can't believe it, another cult. All I can say is Bo and Peep—with their theory of a spaceship taking apostles to the "next level" of existence [Aug. 27]—are pulling the wool over someone's eyes.

Gino Sullivan  
Rockville, Md.

### Unfair to Dad and Jane

Brooke Shields [Aug. 13] is a remarkably fine person with great acting potential. However, I stated that she was as professional as my father and understood more about the camera and lenses than my sister. She is certainly not yet a better actor. That would be unfair to Dad and Jane.

Peter Fonda  
Livingston, Mont.

### Tracking

Your American Scene on Tracker Bernie Lawrence [Aug. 27] was interesting, but I question whether he and his team actually captured a DC-10, a \$25 million jumbo jet, in the desert. C'mon.

Albert J. Berryman  
Fresno, Calif.

*Shrink it to a Twin Beech D18.*

### Racquetball, Smaller but Faster

Judging from your article "Net Loss" [Sept. 3], it is quite obvious that your ECONOMY & BUSINESS reporters may know the size and bounce of the economy, but not of racquetball. Racquetball is more like handball or squash than tennis. It is played with a smaller racquet and faster ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Doyle  
Chicago

### Klutz Performance

I saw two beautiful performances of the Bolshoi at Lincoln Center, both far superior to the U.S. State Department's klutzy performance over Ballet Star Alexander Godunov's wife at Kennedy Airport [Sept. 3]. I doubt the Bolshoi will come back.

William J. Beckmann  
Uniondale, N.Y.

Perhaps Alexander wasn't Godunov.

Richard Hodkin  
Patchogue, N.Y.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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 proposition that all men are created equal.  
 Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing  
 whether that nation, or any nation so conceived  
 and so dedicated can long endure. We are met  
 on a great battle-field — that over we have  
 come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final  
 resting place for those who here gave their lives  
 that that nation may live. It is altogether fitting  
 and proper that we should do this. But in a larger  
 sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate —  
 we can not hallow this ground. The brave men  
 living and dead who struggled here have consecrated  
 it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The  
 world will little note nor long remember  
 what we say here, but it can never forget  
 what they did here. It is for us the  
 living, rather, to be dedicated here to the  
 unfinished work which they who fought  
 here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is  
 rather for us to be here dedicated to the  
 great task remaining before us —  
 that from these honored dead we take  
 increased devotion to that cause for  
 which they gave us their last full measure  
 of devotion — that we here highly resolve that  
 these dead shall not have died in vain —  
 that this nation under God shall have a new birth  
 of freedom — and that government of the people,  
 by the people, for the people, shall not  
 perish from the earth.*

*Abraham Lincoln*

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## American Scene

### In Hanover: SAS and Synclaviers

**S**teady, now one delicate shudder, then to business. Water with the pill? Fine. Here we are in Hanover, N.H., where the Dartmouth College campus quickens to the approach of the fall term and a few of the weaker maple trees are beginning to turn orange. The occasion is the Fourth International Conference on Computers and—what is this?—the Humanities. Is the conference title a self-contradiction, like "fresh-frozen" or "Young Republican"? The observer, a humanist in a dry season, resolutely programs himself to

puter appears in grant proposals. So says Stephen V.F. Waite, a research associate in computing in the humanities at Dartmouth, and an assistant professor of classics.

Waite, who organized this ICCH 4 conference, might be computer-classified in the "skinny, mild-mannered, wears glasses, enthusiastic" subset of the "professor" category. He likes computers so much that he bought an array of Hewlett-Packard hardware (central processing unit, disc drive, digital tape unit, hard-



Professor Elisabeth Appleton provides a Terpsichorean touch at the computer conference

suppress his real attitude toward computers, which is a feeling of smugness and superiority masking a feeling of inferiority and hysteria. This dates from an episode ten years ago when he was living in Salzburg, Austria, and a computer sent all of his Diners Club bills by surface mail to Salisbury, Australia, but then unaccountably caught its error each month in time to send the subsequent "pay up or die" threats winging directly to Salzburg.

It is not long before preconceptions begin to fall away—some of them to be later picked up, dusted off and restored to use. The assembled scholars are classics professors, archaeologists, Shakespeareans, graphic artists, historians and musicians flown in from Norway, Israel, England, Canada, France, India and West Germany, as well as from the U.S. Most of them no longer consider themselves to be innovators merely because they work with computers. These days money does not invariably fall out of academia's apple trees when the word com-

puter printer, typesetter) with his own money. He set the rig up in his house, and he helps pay off the \$70,000 cost by running a one-man computer typesetting business on the side. Waite's machines are on display at the conference. A Los Angeles-based colleague named David Packard has been using them to demonstrate a Greek language program. Packard seems to have changed the locks, because when Waite begins noodling with his computer, the thing turns balky and refuses, despite coaxing, to come "up" (awaken and get to work). A computer is either "up" or "down."

Waite, undiscouraged, says that in 1968 he became the second classics student at Harvard to use a computer for Ph.D. thesis research. Now, Waite adds, it is "not outlandish, though still not common" for a Ph.D. candidate in classics to use a computer. There is still resentment though: "I know of humanities departments in which you would not get tenure if you did use computers."

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whose taste impresses people.

## American Scene

In the rich, fruity tones of the classroom vaudevillian or the dusty mumble of the archives burrower, scholars at the Dartmouth conference "interface" on such matters as "Semantic Networks, Frames and a Conventional Data Base Methodology" and "Controlled Random Generated Parameter Definition." At any given time, several papers are being delivered. What a wanderer discovers depends on which classroom door he opens. It also depends on how familiar he becomes with such terms as COBOL, SAS and FORTRAN (computer languages) and lemmatization (grouping together the variant forms of the same word). Not to mention all-purpose academic sentence deadeners like parameters (a specific statistical term used loosely to mean limits).

Accounts fly about of such worthy and weighty computer projects as the compiling of vast concordances and the storage and retrieval of texts (Latin and Greek at Dartmouth, 17th and 18th century English at Cleveland State University). Machine translation projects may be emerging from a decade of disrepute brought on by unrealistically high expectations that foundered on the marvelous complexities of language. No one in the corridors at Dartmouth thinks that literary translations will ever be done by computer—*War and Peace* in Russian fed into one end of the machine with a readable English version emerging at the other. But machine translation may work with technical prose of sharply limited vocabulary.

Walk through the right door and there is Peter J. McGuire of Georgia Tech moving determinedly "Toward the Development of an Algorithm Permitting Computer Evaluation of Coherence in Prose." An algorithm is a mathematical scheme followed to solve a problem, not so? Very well, forward march. McGuire, a young man who teaches English to technicians, had noticed a kind of student writing that produced in the reader the feeling that he had learned a lot, but could not remember anything. The trouble? Lack of coherence. What helps coherence? A lot of sturdy ordinals—"firsts," "seconds," "thirds"—and plenty of vigorous "thus-es." What hurts coherence? Free-floating "this-es" and "these-es" that do not refer back to anything, not to mention phony locutions like "From this, we can see that . . ." when in fact nothing is in sight. Possible solution? Run a lot of student papers already graded for coherence or lack of it through a computer to count positive and negative elements, compare with readers' reactions, refine and rework the process, and repeat. Result? Cautious optimism, says the coherent and careful McGuire.

And at the same session—a gold mine!—a rousing stump speech by Carolyn Chiter Gilboa, a medievalist-turned-teacher of remedial English at the Herbert H. Lehman College of the City University of New York. She is a sturdy,

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## American Scene

funny, pugnacious and acutely intelligent woman in the middle of middle age, the sort of teacher every student should have a constitutional right to at least one of. She points out that a student can be graduated in the top third of a New York City high school class and be a functional illiterate. If you have a bright illiterate who has had twelve years of education, she says, something in the educational system is out of phase with something in the student. Suspecting impoverished vocabularies, she ran computer tallies on essays written by freshmen—blacks mostly, with a few Southern whites and New York City blue-collar whites—who clearly required remedial teaching. What she found was something quite different. "And that's where computers are so useful," she says. "You start out with a hunch, but the computer shows you patterns that you never suspected were there." The patterns she found—repeated use of proverbs and formulaic expressions, use of capitalized words for emphasis, and the simplification of hard-to-say consonants at the ends of words ("wealif" for "wealth," "could" for "couldn't")—were those of people to whom a composition meant a speech or sermon, not an essay written down on paper. These students had heard a lot of fundamentalist preaching, but they had not read much literature. What had seemed simply wrong in the cadences of their own writing began to make sense when compared with those, say, of Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" speech. "Well," says Gilboa, "you start with what they have, which is not simply a bunch of mistakes, but an oral tradition."

**M**usicians are among the liveliest of the interfacters. The Hanover star is Jon Appleton, 40, a Dartmouth music professor and co-inventor of a portable electronic synthesizer called a Synclavier. This machine uses a small but very powerful \$7,000 computer. A musician can perform as a soloist at the Synclavier keyboard, then assume the role of conductor and call up and blend recorded sounds from the computer's memory.

The Synclavier is larger than a breadbox. It is smaller than a piano. It is not portable in the one-armed sense. But two arms will lift it. The complex sounds produced can resemble drums or clarinets or bassoons or sound like no instrument ever invented. Once, in Dartmouth's Spaulding Auditorium, Appleton's wife Elisabeth danced an austere and elegant accompaniment while the professor played.

A complete Synclavier costs \$14,700. The Tangerine Dream, a German rock group, has one. So does Jazzman Herbie Hancock. Somewhat bemusedly, Appleton notes that research now going on probably will teach the Synclavier to talk. But, he adds, it will not be able to talk and play music at the same time. The observer thinks Appleton and goes home to consider parameters

—John Skow



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TIME: SEPT. 24, 1979

## Kennedy: Ready, Set...

*Go! That's what his followers say, and Teddy seems to agree*

**H**e has not said so yet, but he is about the only one who has not. And his supporters are fairly screaming it. As far as they are concerned, Senator Edward M. Kennedy has entered the race for the presidency, and they are working for him with that special kind of zeal that has not been seen since the days of his two older brothers. Ideology does not seem to count, as Democrats of all persuasions—and many independents too—are urging on the man who they think could restore leadership to an ineffectual White House. Draft-Kennedy movements are springing up everywhere, some of them led by former Carter supporters, and Kennedy's own elated staff members are beginning to jockey for positions in the would-be, might-be, soon-to-be campaign. Says an enthusiastic aide to California Senator Alan Cranston, the Senate whip and a top member of the Democratic establishment: "Everybody in California is just sitting and waiting for Kennedy. He has the Machinists Union, the United Auto Workers and the Beverly Hills crowd. What else is there?"

Even President Carter had to admit last week that Kennedy's strategy at the moment is "brilliant." While building support with broad hints that he is available to run, the Senator has so far refrained from openly challenging the President and thus risking a bloody party brawl. He would prefer to see Carter pushed out of the race by pressure from the party and the dismal evidence of the polls. Late last week the President was hit with the most staggering poll news to date: an Associated Press-NBC News survey indicated that only 19% of the Americans polled thought Carter was doing an excellent or good job. That was the lowest approval rating for any President since such polls began in the 1930s—including Richard Nixon's 24% just before his resignation.

The Kennedy momentum has been soaring for the past fortnight as the Senator has sent out a series of unmistakable signals. First he dropped the remark that his mother Rose and his wife Joan

had given him the go-ahead to make the race, not a startling revelation since the Senator is the head of his clan. But family considerations have been a major hindrance to his running for President. Next came a lunch with Carter and Rosalynn at the White House. "I am seriously considering entering the race," Kennedy told the President. Replied Carter: "I am definitely planning to run." Later Carter said to his advisers: "Kennedy understands that if he comes in, he will have a fight on his hands."

The Senator moved still closer to an announcement when he found himself holding an impromptu press conference at a Kennedy Center benefit. He indicated that he would be willing to run even if it meant a primary fight, and he pledged to decide before the primary deadlines (the first is Jan. 11). Said Kennedy: "I've always believed in the primary system. I think it would be a hard-fought battle, both the nomination and the election. I think this will be an opportunity to discuss the issues and the alternatives to problems."

The draft-Kennedy movement has by now probably gone too far for the Senator to pull out, even if he wanted to. As a staunch Republican once remarked about Teddy Roosevelt, "We're going to nominate him by assault." In a way, it is now or never for Kennedy. Democratic Party leaders think they need him more than ever before; he must heed their call or risk mortally offending them. Democratic officeholders are showing signs of panic at the prospect of running on a ticket headed by Carter. A New England poll indicates that there would be a 16-point difference in the number of Democrats who turn out to vote if Kennedy is at the top instead of Carter. Democratic Senators, in particular, feel endangered. Next year 24 of them are up for re-election out of the 34 seats at stake, and many are the kind of liberals who went down to defeat in 1978. It is even conceivable that the G.O.P. might win control of the Senate in 1980 or '82. Democrats have such recurring nightmares as finding Strom Thurmond the head of the Senate Judiciary Committee, while the current chairman, Kennedy, becomes merely the ranking minority member.

So far, few members of Congress have formally endorsed Kennedy, but many have done so in private. Says one Democrat: "House members are dropping Carter one by one. They're scared." Various members have approached Massachusetts Democrat Joe Moakley, a friend of Kennedy's. They give him a wink.



**Senator gestures to reporters as he leaves Kennedy Center**  
*He told Carter: "I am seriously considering entering the race."*



President Carter emphasizes a point on the future of coal as he campaigns for his energy program at a town meeting in Steubenville, Ohio

a slap on the back, a word in confidence. The message: "When Kennedy's ready, I'll be with you."

But if embattled Jimmy Carter has proved anything, it is that he savors a political fight. "It's a challenge," says a top White House staffer. "We fought a tougher fight in 1976 and won, and we're going to win this one too." Carter promises to battle to the last delegate. "It may be an Armageddon," warns an aide. "But he's never going to pull out."

Though Carter rebuked Gerald Ford for using his patronage powers in the 1976 campaign, the President has lately resorted to the same practice. He has made scores of influential federal appointments in the states where early caucuses and primaries are being held. He has deluged deserving Democrats with invitations to official functions. Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne, for example, was invited to represent the President at Lord Mountbatten's funeral. Iowa Catholics have been put on the guest list for the White House reception for Pope John Paul II next month. Carter last week named two Hispanics to top posts: Edward Hidalgo as Secretary of the Navy and Abelardo Lopez Valdez as chief of protocol.

While Kennedy quietly presided over Judiciary Committee hearings on the potential dangers of Valium last week, Carter tried to revive his faltering presidency by campaigning for his energy program, which he thinks may be the key to his salvation. In response to congressional objections, he agreed to compromise on a basic issue. He withdrew his proposal for an \$88 billion, ten-year program to develop synthetic fuels and settled for a more modest funding of \$22 billion for a two-year plan.

He also stopped insisting that the Federal Government operate synthetic fuel plants; they would remain in private hands, with advice and assistance from the Government.

These concessions were cordially received by Congress, but another compromise provoked an uproar. In an effort to win approval of the Energy Mobilization Board, which will speed up energy production by cutting red tape, Carter abandoned a demand that the board be empowered to override federal and state law. Unfortunately, the House Commerce Committee had not been informed by Carter operatives and had approved a bill with these powers intact. When Committee Member John Dingell learned of Carter's switch, he acidly remarked: "The Administration has the capacity to surprise its friends and please its enemies."

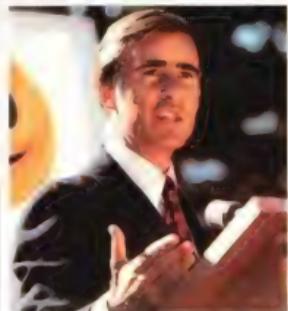
**T**hen the President took to the road to lobby for his energy proposals. But wherever he went, he was never able to escape the long shadow of his rival, not even aboard Air Force One on the way to his first stop, Hartford, Conn. As a courtesy he had invited Connecticut Senator Lowell Weicker, a Republican, to join him on the plane. When reporters asked Weicker about Kennedy, he replied that all Republican officeholders were hoping that Carter would head the ticket. Said Weicker: "If Kennedy runs in Connecticut, he threatens to take the whole shebang with him. He would win in a landslide." Complained White House Press Secretary Jody Powell of Weicker: "Courtesy is a two-way street. I always thought that anyone who was born rich would also have been brought up with some manners."

Addressing some 1,000 retired people

in Hartford, Carter cracked: "As much as I admire you as retired persons, I must admit that I am not yet tempted to join your ranks any time soon." Then he assured the audience that there would be sufficient heating oil on hand for the winter, an issue of special concern for New Englanders, and announced the creation of an office in Boston to coordinate the handling of emergency fuel oil shortages, should any arise. He also said that he had asked the nation's largest oil companies to freeze the price of home heating fuel and to extend credit to wholesalers and retailers. Two had agreed to comply, and he expected the other major oil companies to do the same. Carter tried to concentrate on energy, but his audience insisted on questioning him about Kennedy's health insurance plan. The President played up his own, less costly bill. Said Carter: "Both proposals have a lot in common. The difference in my opinion is that mine can pass."

Carter next went to Steubenville, Ohio (pop. 30,771), a steel-and-coal town. The trip got off to an unpromising start when Democratic Senator Howard Metzenbaum, a Kennedy ally, did not show up. The state's other Democratic Senator, John Glenn, rode with the President through town but did not join him on the stage when he spoke. Asked if he was keeping his distance from the President, Glenn replied: "I'm neither keeping my distance nor getting close."

Even so, Carter was encouraged by the cheering crowds: lined six and seven deep along the road; some people waved signs proclaiming JIMMY NOT TEDDY. In the Steubenville high school auditorium, Carter shed his coat, mopped his perspiring face and promised that coal production would be tripled by 1995. The wind-



Brown speaking at New Hampshire picnic

fall-profits tax, he pledged, would amount to \$88 billion in revenues, and \$75 billion would be spent on coal.

At the end of the week, Carter flew south to inspect the damage wreaked on the Gulf Coast by Hurricane Frederic. Arriving in Mobile, Ala., outfitted in work boots to combat the mud, he pledged that the Government would supply mobile homes for people who have been forced out of their own residences.

Two other veteran Carter campaigners also set forth to support the President. Rosalynn and Miss Lillian both made forays into New Hampshire with indifferent results. Miss Lillian attended a Democratic picnic at Pulaski Park in Nashua, but she was overshadowed by stirrings of Kennedy support and by California Governor Jerry Brown, who was spending a day campaigning in the Granite State. Brown had originally intended to stay four days, but had to rush back home to keep



Where Lillian Carter made her gaffe

Back to the chilly days of Jimmy Who?

his rambunctious Republican Lieutenant Governor, Mike Curb, from making any more trouble in the statehouse. (Brown has tried to restrain Curb from contravening his own policies when Brown is away.) Brown's speech won applause. Said he: "The Government is spending millions to move missiles around Utah. I think we could use that money to move people." But Dudley W. Dudley, the blond who heads the Kennedy drive in New Hampshire, got a bigger hand.

When it was Miss Lillian's turn to speak, she sweetly told the audience that



Rosalynn cutting ribbon at headquarters

if Kennedy wins, "I hope to goodness nothing happens to him. I really do." There was silence at the tactless reference to the Kennedy assassinations. Later Miss Lillian apologized to Carter staffers, who do not need any further mishaps.

The remark did nothing to warm up Rosalynn's rather chilly reception in the state. At her four stops, she may have felt as if she were confronting the same scenes she faced back in the days of Jimmy Who?—small, undemonstrative show crowds. Beneath a brilliant autumn sky, a tense-faced Rosalynn offered her usual blend of sugar and steel. "I'm very proud of Jimmy," she said in her soft drawl. "He has a solid record of achievement. He's proved his leadership." Pestered all day with questions about Kennedy, Rosalynn said repeatedly, "The last thing I heard the Senator say was that he expected the President to be renominated. I take him at his word. If he changes it,



## "New Solutions Must Be Found"

*Although he has not quite announced his presidential candidacy, Senator Edward Kennedy has already completely changed the political equation for 1980. TIME National Political Correspondent John Stacks interviewed Kennedy last week about his decision. His report.*

**T**he walls of Ted Kennedy's high-ceilinged office are crowded with the framed memories of his family's glory and its burdens. Jack with Bobby, Jack and Bobby with a thin, young Teddy, Joe and Rose. The children from all the families. An affectionate note from his mother correcting his grammar.

For more than a decade, Ted Kennedy has sat beneath these pictures, waiting, reluctantly, for the time to try for his full share of that heritage. Now he has finally moved so close to the long-awaited campaign that his conversation is that of a candidate, not of a politi-

cian still considering, as he vows he is, whether or not to run.

The pressure to grasp for the nomination began to grow in mid-July, he explains, when Senate colleagues, fearful that Carter's political weakness would damage their own campaigns for re-election, began urging him to run.

During the month of August, Kennedy said of the recent recess, "I had a chance to reflect the time to review my family responsibilities and to think about the extent to which my candidacy would be a divisive factor. He met with his closest confidants: Brother-in-Law Steve Smith and Washington Lawyer Paul Kirk, and he concluded that damaging divisions already existed. Said he: "The things that are troubling the people are troubling them irrespective of whether I run or not. The more important problem is whether we as a country can deal with our problems."

## Nation

maybe I'll take him at his other word."

Kennedy is expected to be nearly unbeatable in the New Hampshire primary on Feb. 26 and the Massachusetts primary on March 4, so Carter aides are concentrating their efforts on the next big test, the Florida primary on March 11. Says a top Carter aide: "If Kennedy beats us there—and it's a damn sight easier to beat us there than elsewhere in the South—he's got the big ring to grab."

**C**arter supporters are now anxious for Kennedy to declare, because as soon as he does he may become more vulnerable. "We could at least make comparisons," says a White House aide. "Now you take a poke and there's nothing there." Once Kennedy is forced to start speaking out on the issues, his support is almost sure to fall off. His current dazzling charisma is obscuring for the moment his liberal views, which could alienate moderates and conservatives when they become better known. Conversely, Kennedy might antagonize his liberal supporters if he starts taking more conservative positions in keeping with the national mood. Though he has championed deregulation and revision of the U.S. criminal code, he is to the left of the Administration and the country on many issues. He remains strongly committed to such ambitious federal programs as his cradle-to-grave national health insurance. Unlike the President, he opposes decontrol of oil prices and restricting the money supply to combat inflation. He is in a bigger hurry than Carter to stimulate the economy in the hope of lessening the impact of the recession. He is likely to favor a payroll and business tax cut, but he



### Dropping Out of Another Race

**W**inding up a wearisome week, President Carter suffered yet another setback. Running in a 6.2-mile foot race near Camp David, he became tired after 3½ miles and had to drop out. Nothing to worry about, said his physician, Dr. William Lukash, since the President is in good health. After resting, Carter joined the other runners at a picnic and praised the joys of jogging.

would enforce wage and price guidelines more rigorously than the President.

In many respects, Kennedy seems to be an inappropriate candidate for the 1980s. He has a checkered personal history at a time when politicians' private lives are scrutinized more closely than ever before. To some extent, his politics are out of sync with current conservative trends. His ability to lead is untested and

taken on faith. Yet supporting his candidacy is the irrepressible Kennedy mystique, the lingering regret for the assassination of his two brothers, his own hard, near obsessive work in the Senate, where he is rated one of the most distinguished members, and the voters' yearning for "leadership." Even if he is a man of considerable contradictions, that is true of the national mood as well. ■

"This is a watershed period," Kennedy went on. "Recessionary pressures will be growing. Energy issues must be decided. New solutions must be found to the problems of the 1980s. We can't look back to old answers." Kennedy is beginning, gradually, to delineate his differences with Carter. He disagrees, for example, with the President's analysis of the malaise in the nation. Said Kennedy: "People are not less compassionate and decent than they were. They are just more concerned with their families. Can they afford the oil to heat their homes? Can they afford food and housing and medical care for their parents? Without reassurance on these matters, it's hard for them to have any confidence about where the country is going. And this is not of their doing. If we fail to deal with these problems, the forces of negation, of negativity and of self-interest can be released."

Kennedy feels that Carter has not compiled a bad record. "We have not been at war; he has had some foreign

policy success," says Kennedy. But he returns to the economy as the issue on which he will focus: "Our economic vitality is crucial to the politics of this nation. A strong economy is the best social program we can have. And these economic issues affect the confidence the people have in all our institutions."

**J**udging by opinion polls, Kennedy is enormously popular at the moment (62% to Carter's 24% in the latest Yankelevich, Skelly & White survey). But he knows he is a liberal running in a conservative time, and he is beginning to fashion his defenses. Says he: "Labels don't mean much any more. I introduced the airline deregulation bill with Jim Buckley, who was then one of the most conservative members of the Senate. I don't disagree much with Carter's spending levels. I wanted \$4 billion more for social programs and that's in a budget of \$580 billion."

But he says he is not impressed with the polls. He has seen leads evaporate

in days and he can recite the numbers: "Carter was ahead of Ford by 32 points after the convention in 1976 and that was a close election. Nixon was ahead of John Kennedy by twelve points. It will be a hotly contested challenge."

The avalanche of support and enthusiasm last week naturally heartened Kennedy. Says he: "I've been encouraged by the response, but I'm very realistic about both the burdens and challenges of a campaign. I've got a very healthy sense of realism. I've been in national campaigns."

It was, in a way, the first week of the Edward Kennedy campaign. As he sat beneath the family pictures, explaining the partial announcement that was heard as a clear declaration, Kennedy evinced no enthusiasm, no great relish of what lies before him. "This is a very sober challenge," he said softly, "one that you have to approach from a very sober point of view." He paused and then added in an even quieter voice: "And I do."

## Coke Case

Now: California parties

For three weeks, the FBI has been investigating allegations that White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan snorted cocaine at New York City's Studio 54 in 1978. The charges were made by Disco Owners Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, who are under indictment for income tax evasion. Last week one of their associates sent investigators off in a new direction, across the country to California. This time the allegation is that Jordan attended two parties in Beverly Hills in October 1977 at which cocaine was used.

Jordan was indeed in Beverly Hills that month, along with Carter Advisers Patrick Caddell and Timothy Kraft and Jordan's friend, John Golden. The occasion was a Democratic fund-raising dinner on Oct. 22 at the swank Century Plaza Hotel. The black-tie affair, which was billed as a "Salute to the President," raised \$700,000 for the Democratic Party. Guests included Governor Jerry Brown and other West Coast Democrats.

According to witnesses questioned by the FBI, cocaine was available at parties the night before and the evening after the fund raiser. TIME has learned that among the witnesses is Lana Rawls, ex-wife of Soul Singer Lou Rawls. She told the FBI that on Oct. 21, Jordan, Caddell, Kraft, Golden and several others dined at Sergio's Restaurant, a Beverly Hills supper club that has since closed. After dinner, according to Lana Rawls, they returned to the Century Plaza, where cocaine was made available to them. Her attorneys have told the Government that, if granted immunity from prosecution, she will testify that she saw Jordan sniffing coke at the hotel.

She told agents that after the fund raiser, Industrialist Leopold Wyler received guests at his home, where cocaine was used by what she described as "the White House people." Wyler, founder of TRE Corp., a Beverly Hills aerospace firm, was Carter's finance chairman in the 1976 California primary campaign, but has since joined a dump-Carter movement. Wyler said he had suspected that coke was used at his party, but insists that he "was very displeased with what seemed to be going on." He said he did not see Jordan or any of the other Carter associates using the drug. The use of cocaine at such parties—and at discos—is not uncommon.

Jordan flatly denied using cocaine at the California parties, as he had denied using the drug at Studio 54. Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell protested the "smears." Complained Powell, "Any time someone makes a charge against Hamilton, the FBI's got to investigate it; then it gets headlines and Hamilton's career is ruined."

## The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

### Warblers, Wrens and Hawks

It is dawn along the Potomac River. James R. Schlesinger, ex-Secretary of Energy, former Secretary of Defense, former CIA chief, former AEC chairman, stands beside the marshes in a golden silence as old as earth. Mallards rise into the sun. Indigo buntings sit in the trees and goldfinches play below. Says Schlesinger with rare emotion. "Look, a long-billed marsh wren." He raises his binoculars, studies the scene for long seconds, breathing cool morning air, humbled by the beauty before him in a way that his old adversaries in power never succeeded in humbling him.

For more than a decade Schlesinger was at the center of the nation's drama, court philosopher and iconoclast, a man with big-fisted ideas of leadership oddly matched with a Swiss-watch mind. He is out of phase, decompressing (sort of) as the political pace quickens. He was fired by one President, sensed the time to depart another. A rare repository of current history, Schlesinger is taking long looks at the world on these autumn days.

He twists his head as he hears the greeting of a white-eyed vireo. Then he follows the flight of a parula warbler. Already he has spotted 22 different birds and the sun is barely over the trees.

"Can we have a system that works with two equal centers of power?" Schlesinger asks, his eyes absorbing the graceful arcs of a broad-winged hawk, his mind back on Washington.

Hugh Sidey



Schlesinger bird watching on the Potomac

Schlesinger sees a breakdown in discipline in the Executive structure of Government. The press is in a destructive mood, he believes. "It comes because of disappointment with Government," he says. "L.B.J. had a lot to do with it, loading on all of those Government programs. J.F.K. raised foreign policy expectations. All of this created grand illusions that all problems are solvable. All problems are not solvable."

"Quick," he blurts. "A redheaded woodpecker. It's a beautiful thing." A Carolina wren intrudes, followed by a killdeer. It is a birders' ecstasy for a few minutes—a blue-winged teal, a pectoral sandpiper, a black-bellied plover.

"We are not going to be a great power if we keep going as we are," Schlesinger says. "The Soviet Union's intentions are not benign. So many people grew up after the Berlin crisis. They would not accept the true face of Communism in Hanoi and elsewhere. It used to be so much fun to discover our own moral defects. It is not so much fun any longer. These people labored under the notion that if we were sufficiently lovable, others would be drawn to us. Our young had so much security in the postwar world that they felt it was the order of nature, that nothing needed to be done to preserve it. It does not work that way. There must be respect, even tinged with fear."

Schlesinger falls silent, his glasses turned upward as a common egret, snowy in the bright light, floats over the shore. The glories of approaching fall along the Potomac seem to bring out an even greater awareness of danger in this singular man than he displayed in office.

"The new generation of Soviet leaders will be more inclined to use the awesome power they have accumulated," he says. "We entice the Soviets to take action. They misunderstand our positions. The United States is not giving the signals of determination it should any place in the world."

Two turkey vultures, hanging on new thermals, tilt their wings, looking for food. Schlesinger studies them silently. They make his point about the rituals of survival. Especially in moments of apparent tranquillity.

# Cooling the Cuba Crisis

Can quiet diplomacy end the furor in the Senate?

Three times last week, the long black Cadillac limousine glided into the underground garage beneath the State Department; three times Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin slipped into a private elevator and rode up to the seventh-floor office of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. After each meeting, both diplomats avoided reporters' questions. There had already been far too much threatening and ill-considered rhetoric about the problem that confronted them: the controversial role of Soviet combat troops in Cuba.

Just a week earlier, Vance had publicly declared that the newly reported existence of a Soviet brigade in Cuba was "a very serious matter," and that he would "not be satisfied with maintenance of the status quo." After several days of silence, the Soviets produced an unyielding answer. *Pravda*, the Soviet Communist Party's official newspaper, declared that the Russian forces in Cuba were there solely for training purposes, had been training the Cuban army for 17 years, and had changed in neither size nor function during that entire period. Furthermore, said *Pravda*, the Soviet troops had "an inalienable right" to be where they were. Added *Pravda*: "All contentions about the arrival in Cuba of 'organized Soviet combat units' are totally groundless." The paper blamed the whole crisis on elements within the U.S. Government that were trying both to undermine Cuba and prevent Senate ratification of SALT II.

Though Vance would disclose no details of his talks with Dobrynin, it was apparent that the Secretary of State was trying to be conciliatory. Even while the Senate continued to reverberate with demands for a Soviet withdrawal, State Department officials began suggesting that some face-saving accommodation could be found. Perhaps the Soviets could disperse their brigade, or simply pledge that it had no offensive purpose.

What was most perplexing about the whole affair was the number of questions that remained unanswered. Was there really a buildup of Soviet forces in Cuba? If so, since when, and by how much? What exactly was the Soviet brigade doing in Cuba? Was it merely training Cubans, or did it have a combat role? Did its presence represent a Soviet gesture to support Castro's maintenance of 40,000 Cuban soldiers in Africa? Was it guarding Soviet information-gathering installations

that eavesdropped on the U.S.? And if U.S. intelligence did not know the answers to any or all of these questions, why could it not find out?

One of the few facts known for certain was that the Russian force, 2,600 to 2,800 strong, was on duty in Cuba. Years ago U.S. intelligence began to pick up references to the Soviet force as a brigade, but officials who received that information attached little importance to it. Last spring, worried about Cuban influence in Nicaragua and the Caribbean, Zbigniew Brzezinski's National Security Council asked U.S. intelligence agencies to re-evaluate the Soviet role in Cuba. As late

Senate was escalating the "crisis" out of proportion. They knew that Church, a longtime liberal and self-declared "friend" of Cuba's Fidel Castro, faces a difficult re-election campaign in conservative Idaho. They also recalled that Church felt he had lost face by endorsing Brown's earlier statement that there appeared to be no significant Soviet troops in Cuba. Whatever his political problems, Church insisted last week that the Soviets were challenging the U.S. Said Church: "I have not suggested that this constitutes the same threat as the missiles did in 1962. But it is contrary to U.S. interests to permit Cuba to be a Soviet base. And if we acquiesce on this, what kind of signal does that send to Castro and the rest of the world?"

Church's position undeniably emboldened the opposition to SALT. Senator Scoop Jackson, who opposes SALT anyway, charged that the Soviets were building a "fortress Cuba." He noted that Cuba in the past two years has acquired sophisticated MiG-23s theoretically capable of penetrating the southeastern U.S. The military buildup, said Jackson, represents "a major change in what the Soviets and Cubans believe they can get away with in this part of the world." He demanded that the Soviets withdraw not only their combat troops but their planes, and that they promise to provide Cuba with no more submarines. It was in this atmosphere that Louisiana's influential Senator Russell Long joined the opponents of SALT and announced that he would vote against the treaty.

Amid the rhetoric and confusion, one of the coolest voices in Congress was that of Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd. When he saw President Carter at the start of the crisis, Byrd counseled calm and restraint. Last week he predicted, somewhat optimistically, that the whole matter would be resolved within a few days.

"There never should have been a crisis atmosphere to start with," Byrd declared. "I've

been here during a few crises, including the missile crisis in 1962. I saw nothing in this one to justify panic or a hasty judgment on SALT."

Byrd said he expected Church's committee to continue hearings on SALT, and he intended to bring the treaty before the Senate in early November. Said Byrd: "There is plenty of time for the dust to settle. I hope by then we can reach agreement on the treaty in an environment less charged with emotion than we had a week ago." He then firmly repeated what he had told Jimmy Carter a week earlier: "The SALT treaty must not be held hostage to the situation in Cuba." ■



Carter with Brzezinski and Vance outside Oval Office  
A perplexing number of unanswered questions.

as mid-July, Defense Secretary Harold Brown assured Senator Frank Church of the Foreign Relations Committee that this Soviet role had not changed. In August, however, after a U.S. camera satellite photographed a Russian brigade on maneuvers with armored equipment near Havana, the U.S. concluded that a Soviet brigade was in Cuba as a combat unit. When informed of this conclusion, Church made it public, and coupled with a warning that the Senate would not ratify SALT II until the Soviet brigade was removed. Many of Church's colleagues joined in the hue and cry, but last week some of them seemed to realize that the

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## Nation



Candidate Ronald Reagan and his wife Nancy at their Santa Barbara ranch

### Candidate Reagan Is Born Again

*His staff is grooming him as a middle-of-the-roader*

**A**t his palatial home on Point Loma in San Diego, Savings and Loan King Kim Fletcher had gathered 150 real estate developers, oil contractors and other members of the local gentry to meet former Governor Ronald Reagan. For \$200 each, the guests sipped drinks, munched on roast beef and chicken, and listened to the man who is universally considered to be the G.O.P.'s front-running candidate.

He didn't disappoint them. "I feel just fine," he chuckled, waving aside the unmentioned fact that he is 68. Holding out his glass of tonic water, he said, "Look, not even a ripple"; and sure enough, the surface of the drink was as tranquil as the candidate's mood. He told a questioner that he had just spent his August vacation at his Santa Barbara ranch putting in 400 ft. of fence posts the size of telephone poles. "Age is not a major question," he said. "Maybe there is nothing wrong with a little maturity—someone who remembers the Great Depression."

Reagan dwelt upon a favorite theme from the past: the size and waste of Big Government. "The energy crisis is the doing of Government," he said, and Washington should "turn the oil industry loose in the marketplace." But then, as he neared the end of his remarks, he gave the party faithful a glimpse of the "new" candidate that his staff aides have been promising. Instead of urging an arms buildup against the Soviets, he called for a mutual cutback on strategic nuclear weapons.

He took the same line at the state Republican convention when he said SALT II was "fatally flawed" and should be renegotiated. But he opposed SALT II, said Reagan, because it does not "fairly and gen-

uinely reduce" the number of nuclear weapons, and he would support a treaty that would diminish "nuclear armaments to the point that neither country represents a threat to the other." Just three years ago, by contrast, Reagan had said that "peace does not come from weakness or retreat, it comes from restoration of American military superiority."

The new strategy of moving toward the center is based on an assessment by his advisers that the former California Governor has the Republican nomination just about sewed up, and that he should begin courting middle-of-the-road voters for next fall's election. Certainly he is far ahead in the polls. The Harris survey shows him leading Jimmy Carter, 51-44 (while Reagan's principal Republican opponent, John Connally, trails the President, 44-52). Therefore his staff is creating what it calls an "expanded" or "more reflective" version of the old Reagan. Says his national political director Charles Black: "We must demonstrate that this guy is practical and has the ability to run the country. We will be offering solutions, not just criticisms."

**S**o far, Connally has not decided whether to fight Reagan in the California primary on June 3, but the Texan's supporters in California have been working hard to strengthen his chances. They are trying to change the present law under which the victor in the California primary—undoubtedly Reagan—would automatically win all of California's 168 delegates to next year's G.O.P. convention. The anti-Reagan forces would like to revise the law so that if no candidate got 50% of the primary

vote, the huge California delegation would be proportionately divided among the winner and the losers. Reagan supporters remain blithely convinced that however the matter is resolved, their man can win the nomination.

Reagan lost a longtime aide last month when Lyn Nofziger resigned, but the Reagan staff still appears to be quite strong. Campaign Manager John Sears is building a national organization and concentrating on those "first-wave" states that will hold primaries or caucuses before April 1. The goal of Finance Director Michael Deaver is to raise a \$12 million campaign fund by June.

The candidate himself is looking well, conveying an image of sun-dappled middle age. His hair is no longer "prematurely orange," to recall Gerald Ford's devastating remark from the 1976 campaign, but a dull and uniform brown. He stands tall (6 ft. 1 in.) and mixes smoothly and easily with the party faithful.

One crucial question about his political future is whether his traditional supporters will accept a shift toward the center. Reagan fell into a similar trap in the 1976 campaign, when he alienated many of his followers by naming Richard Schweiker, a relatively liberal Senator, as his running mate. William Roberts, who is directing the Connally campaign in the West, professes satisfaction over the Reagan strategy. Hearing reports that a "new" Reagan is on the way, Roberts scoffs: "He could get into trouble even before he says anything."

### Senate Ethics

*Talmadge claims victory*

**F**or months the Senate Ethics Committee has agonized over what to do about Georgia Democrat Herman Talmadge, who was charged with extensive financial wrongdoing, including filing \$43,000 worth of improper expense accounts. In effect, the committee wanted to recommend that the Senate censure Talmadge without using that fateful word. "Censure" is a punishment that has been applied only seven times in Senate history: the last occasion was in 1967, when the Senate passed judgment on Connecticut Democrat Thomas Dodd for pocketing campaign funds.

In Talmadge's case, the committee considered a variety of damning words, including "reprimand" and "condemn." None of them seemed quite right, but last week the panel hit on a semantic solution: it unanimously recommended that the full Senate "denounce" Talmadge for "reprehensible" behavior and require him to refund at least \$13,000. Undismayed, Talmadge, who is running for re-election to a fifth term, claimed that the verdict exonerated him of intentional wrongdoing. Said Georgia's senior Senator: "I feel the result is a personal victory."

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## The FBI vs. Jean Seberg

Did a rumor planted by Hoover's aides lead to her death?

Her casket was covered with yellow roses, lilies and daisies. Among the 200 mourners at Montparnasse Cemetery in Paris were her three ex-husbands. So ended last week the tragic story of Actress Jean Seberg, who was plucked out of obscurity as a 17-year-old Iowan to star in Otto Preminger's 1957 movie *Saint Joan*, and who died at age 40 in the back seat of her car of an overdose of barbiturates. But even as she was buried, there unfolded in the U.S. an appalling account of how the FBI in 1970 tried to ruin her reputation with a planted rumor, setting in motion the series of emotional breakdowns that led to her suicide.

Seberg had angered the FBI's autocratic director, J. Edgar Hoover, by helping raise money for the Black Panthers. According to documents that had been obtained three years ago by Seberg's lawyers and were released publicly last week by the FBI, an unnamed agent in Los Angeles proposed to Hoover that the actress, who was several months pregnant, be discredited with a rumor that her baby's father was a Black Panther leader. Said the agent in a memo, which was dated April 27, 1970: "The possible publication of Seberg's plight could cause her embarrassment and serve to cheapen her image with the general public."

It was the era of FBI dirty tricks—agents had been trying to discredit Martin Luther King Jr. by recording hotel room sounds of his alleged extramarital activities and sending the tapes to his

wife. Hoover readily approved the plot against Seberg. Ordered Washington headquarters in a memo: "Jean Seberg has been a financial supporter of the B.P.P. [Black Panther Party] and should be neutralized." Headquarters had only one caveat: "It would be better to wait approximately two additional months until



Seberg and Romain Gary in Paris (1963)

"Jean became psychotic," said her ex-husband.

Seberg's pregnancy would be obvious to everyone."

For unexplained reasons, the Los Angeles agent did not wait that long. On May 19, 1970, Los Angeles Times Columnist Joyce Haber reported that an unnamed international movie star who supported the "black revolution" was "expecting." She added: "Papa's said to be a rather prominent Black Panther." Other details

in Haber's column made it clear that she was referring to Seberg, who had moved to Paris in 1958 and become a star in French New Wave films such as *Breathless* after her amateurish performance in *Saint Joan* made her name a synonym for miscasting in the U.S. The report was picked up by *Newsweek*, a French publication, *Minute*, and *American Weekly*, a former Hearst newspaper supplement. Soon after reading the account, Seberg, who by then was seven months pregnant, went into labor and three days later gave birth to a dead baby, a white female.

The actress claimed afterward that the shock of reading the false stories had caused her premature labor and led to her baby's death. At the urging of her husband at the time, French Author-Diplomat Romain Gary, she sued the three periodicals, winning a token out-of-court settlement and a public apology. Last week Gary insisted that the child had been his and that the false reports had made "Jean" become psychotic. Every year on the anniversary of this stillbirth she has tried to take her own life." He blamed the incident for her psychiatric treatment and, ultimately, her death.

Haber insisted last week that her source for the column was not the FBI but "a journalist" whom she would not name. Said Haber: "I am beginning to wonder who my best friends are. Obviously, if I knew then what I know now, I wouldn't have printed the item. It's absolutely shocking and appalling. I can now have no trust in anybody."

FBI Director William H. Webster was also contrite. Said he: "The days when the FBI used derogatory information to combat advocates of unpopular causes have long since passed. We are out of that business forever."

## Blasting a G-Man Myth

On Feb. 22, 1934, G-Man Melvin Purvis cornered Bank Robber Charles ("Pretty Boy") Floyd in a farmhouse near East Liverpool, Ohio. When Floyd, armed with two .45-cal. pistols, fled across a stubbled cornfield toward the woods, Purvis and his men shot him to death. It was one of the most celebrated exploits of the G-men, forerunners of the present-day FBI agents, and enhanced Purvis' reputation as one of the country's ablest crime fighters. The story of Floyd's death stood unchallenged for almost 45 years.

Last week, however, retired East Liverpool Police Captain Chester C. Smith, now 84, came forward with a far different account of Floyd's death. One of six officers who accompanied Purvis that day, Smith was the first

to spot Floyd trying to escape. Said Smith: "I knew Purvis couldn't hit him, so I dropped him with two shots from my .32 Winchester rifle." Stunned but not seriously wounded, Floyd sat up and was immediately disarmed by Smith.

Then, said Smith, Purvis ran up and ordered: "Back away from that man. I want to talk to him." Pretty Boy glared and cursed. At which point, said Smith, Purvis turned to G-Man Herman Hollis and said: "Fire into him." Hollis obeyed, said Smith, killing Floyd with a burst from a Tommy gun.

Was there a cover-up? "Sure was," said Smith, "because they didn't want it to get out that he'd been killed that way." Smith, who was promoted to captain following Floyd's killing, said he decided it was proper to set the record straight now because, of the seven men involved, only he remains alive—and the truth can no longer hurt anyone.



Melvin Purvis in 1934



"Pretty Boy" Floyd

## Nation



Lebrón kneels at grave of Nationalist Hero Pedro Albizu Campos

### "We Have Nothing to Repent"

Four Puerto Rican terrorists go home to a heroes' welcome

For a brief moment last week San Juan's international airport took on the atmosphere of a revolutionary carnival, as some 5,000 Puerto Ricans gathered to welcome an American Airlines jet. Young couples swayed to the rhythm of revolutionary songs, vendors did a brisk business selling tiny Puerto Rican flags, and young leftists passed out leaflets calling for armed struggle.

When the plane touched down, bringing home four nationalist terrorists newly released after more than two decades in U.S. prisons, the crowd tore down protective fences and surged forward, chanting "Viva Puerto Rico Libre!"

"Home at last," said Rafael Cancel Miranda, 49, as he stepped out of the plane, fist high in the air. Echoed a tearful Oscar Collazo, 67, who had stormed Blair House in an attempt to shoot and kill President Truman in 1950: "I am so happy to be in a place where I am not afraid to express my emotions." (His 45-year-old niece rushed to embrace him, apparently suffered a heart attack, and died minutes later on the way to a hospital.) A third man, Irving Flores Rodriguez, 54, declared that liberty "has to be conquered by blood and fire . . . our rights are not to be begged but fought for."

The toughest words came from the darling of the crowd, the still fiery Lolita Lebrón, 59, who had been imprisoned along with Cancel Miranda and Flores for a pistol attack on the House of Representatives that wounded five Congressmen in 1954. The unrepentant Lebrón told the cheering throng: "We have done nothing to cause us to repent. Everyone has the right to defend his God-given right to liberty."

For nearly an hour the nationalists hammered home the need for unity among independence supporters. The sympathetic audience interrupted frequently with bursts of applause. From the airport, the four nationalists proceeded to a nearby graveyard, where Lebrón threw herself on the grave of Pedro Albizu Campos, a nationalist leader who died in 1965 while the four were in prison.

Earlier in the week, at receptions in Chicago and New York City, they had demanded Puerto Rican independence and refused to rule out violence. During a press conference at the U.N., Collazo said, "I'll decide whether terrorism is necessary after I return to Puerto Rico." Lebrón added, "I am a revolutionary and a member of the atomic age . . . I hate bombs but we might have to use them."

Such words raised concern on the U.S. mainland and in the island commonwealth, where the independence movement has won few votes and terrorism none. Puerto Rican Governor Carlos Romero Barceló, an ardent proponent of statehood, had opposed the release of the prisoners and pointedly left San Juan for a visit to the mainland to avoid the whole fuss over their return. Their release coincides with the campaign that will culminate in Puerto Rico's first presidential primaries, to be held in February and March of 1980. With straight faces, White House aides deny any link between the release of the prisoners and the island's 41 Democratic convention delegates. Said one aide, speaking of the freed prisoners: "We didn't figure they'd been reformed . . . but the fact is they are less a *cause célèbre* outside [of jail] than inside."

President Carter told Hispanics last

week at their annual congressional caucus dinner: "I freed them because I thought 25 years was enough." Amid both catcalls and cheers from the audience, he added that the four nationalists had been jailed for their criminal acts, not their political ideas.

Politics in Washington, however, was far from the minds of cheering Puerto Ricans. Even some of those who oppose the words and deeds of the four nationalists were rather pleased by their release. Said one activist: "For Puerto Ricans, the nationalist ex-prisoners represent, even for those of us who are not Independistas, people who lived by principle, people who placed the cause of freedom for Puerto Rico above themselves." Said Commonwealth Founder Luis Muñoz Marín: "I share the deep satisfaction for this moment that all Puerto Ricans must feel."

If re-elected, Governor Romero has promised to hold a plebiscite in 1981 to let Puerto Ricans choose between the present commonwealth, statehood and independence. And despite the emotional uproar over the nationalists' release, the pro-independence forces have never won more than 19% in an election—their last tally, in 1976, was less than 7%. As for his Administration's feelings about Puerto Rican statehood—pro-statehood forces won 48% of the vote in the last election—Carter told the congressional caucus dinner last week: "I would support whatever decision is made by the people of Puerto Rico." ■

### Highlights

*Red is sexy, yellow . . . ?*

When the New Bedford Gas & Edison Light Co. asked for permission to install energy-efficient amber streetlights on Cape Cod, Artist Eloise Barnhurst strenuously objected. At a public hearing in Falmouth, Mass., Barnhurst, who serves as a consultant on color to cosmetic companies and advertisers, warned that amber is a potentially explosive mixture of red and yellow. Said she: "Red is the color of sex, but yellow is a nerve energizer that keeps us awake."

Thus, in her view, an amber glow could make pedestrians and motorists both sexy and cautious. Said Barnhurst: "Our bodies and minds will not know which way to go. Everyone knows you can't think and make love at the same time." The resulting frustration, she said, might lead to "increased vandalism and other types of misbehavior." In fact, she said, once while driving past a Hyannis motel with amber lights, she "wanted to scream, run and throw rocks through the windows." But she restrained herself because she is "61 and self-contained."

Said Falmouth Selectman Eric Tirkington: "There's some validity to what she says." To shed more light on the subject, another hearing will be held next week. ■



A freighter tossed onto a pier by high tides and 130-m.p.h. winds that tore across Mobile Bay; onshore, a DC-3 wound up on a road

## Frederic the Fearsome

Nine deaths, more than \$1 billion in damage

**W**hile Hurricane David made its deadly passage through the Caribbean two weeks ago, a successor storm named Frederic dawdled not far behind. Last week, Fred suddenly turned ugly and churned northward, forcing half a million people to flee a 100-mile stretch of the coast, from Gulfport, Miss., to Pensacola, Fla.

Worst hit was Mobile, Ala. For four hours, Frederic pummeled the city with winds of up to 130 m.p.h. and tides 12 ft. above normal. The hurricane swept a freighter onto a pier in Mobile Bay and blew a DC-3 half a mile from a hangar to a road, where it landed upside down with its tail curled around its fuselage. Frederic uprooted century-old oak trees and heavily damaged historic buildings along Government Street. It tore the roofs off houses on the nearby resort of Dauphin Island and carried away most of the eight-mile causeway to the mainland. Lamented one Mobile resident: "Landmarks we have known for years just aren't here any more."

Because of the prompt evacuation, the death toll was low: only nine people were known to have died. But many survivors had hair-raising close calls. Ervin Nordmann rushed ahead of the storm to board up his beach house at Gulf Shores, only to be forced to spend the night there when his car would not start. After the howling winds moved on, Nordmann discovered that his house was one of only three still standing out of the 40 that once lined the beach.

Officials estimated that Frederic caused \$1 billion in property damage in the Mobile area alone. In addition, the

hurricane destroyed Alabama's pecan crop and knocked out electric power in the southwest part of the state for at least a week.

The next morning, as the sun came out, so did looters. "We're going to deal with you in the most severe manner," warned Alabama Governor Fob James as he ordered out the National Guard and set a dusk-to-dawn curfew. In Prichard, a Mobile suburb, Mayor A.J. Cooper issued a harsh order to deputies: warn looters twice, then shoot to kill if they do not surrender. Said Mobile County Commissioner Bay Haas of the hurricane's aftermath: "We just can't believe what we are seeing. The whole thing is incredible." ■



Looting a downtown Mobile clothing store



A couple trying to clear debris from the roofless remains of their house

Says one resident: "Landmarks we have known for years just aren't here any more."

## World

THE PHILIPPINES

# Powder Keg of the Pacific

*Corruption and army abuses breed resentment against martial law*

In Negros Occidental province of the southern Philippines, children with flowers carried a small white coffin along a country road leading through sugar-cane fields. The casket contained the body of Juan Latorgo. His grieving mother, Estrellita Latorgo, 21, says that she took her son first to the local hospital and then to a witch doctor. Neither could arrest the symptoms of malnutrition that killed Juan, at the age of seven months.

In Zamboanga City, a building contractor complains that the illicit kickbacks he is forced to pay to obtain government contracts have jumped to 20%

From the rice fields of northern Luzon to the coconut groves of southern Mindanao, anger and rebellion are rising in the Philippines, a country that threatens to become a powder keg in the Pacific region. The resentment is directed primarily at the corruption-tinged, autocratic regime of President Ferdinand Marcos, who seven years ago imposed martial law on the 7,000 islands of the Philippine archipelago. Today he rules as both President and Prime Minister over a dangerously deteriorating society. Despite statistically impressive increases in his country's per capita income, poverty and hunger affect

Muslim Moros in Mindanao and Sulu has been contained but not suppressed. In other rural regions, the smaller Maoist New People's Army is growing in size. Marauding bands of NPA guerrillas frequently harass army patrols and sometimes even occupy isolated villages for several days at a time. Few Filipinos, and even fewer knowledgeable Western observers, are convinced that the country is on the verge of becoming another Iran. But many fear that in the long run the confluence of injustice and bloodshed could threaten the Marcos regime and lead to revolution. Jaime Cardinal Sin, the country's spiritual leader as Archbishop of Manila, has clearly indicated his fears for the future if democracy is not restored. "The greatest punishment that God could give any country is civil war," he said recently. "That's what I want to avoid—civil war."

To the dismay of the U.S. and such other Asian allies as Japan and South Korea, Marcos has shown no sign that he is willing to ease up. Last week, in a major policy speech for his 62nd birthday, Marcos defiantly declared that he had no intention of lifting the martial law imposed in 1972. This decision, though not unexpected, came as a blow to both opposition leaders and Western diplomats, who have been privately urging the President to restore democratic rule before it is too late. It also did not augur well for observances of the seventh anniversary of martial law in many areas of the Philippines this week.



**Marcos and his wife Imelda at a ceremony launching a new housing project**

*Resentment directed against a regime that has become a symbol of plutocracy*

Nowadays, he adds, even "someone from the Government Auditor's Department [supposedly an anticorruption watchdog agency] comes along and demands his own payoff to keep quiet."

In Quezon City outside Manila, a middle-aged nun speaks passionately of working with and for "the poorest of the poor." Approvingly, she describes surrounding rural areas as having been "liberated" by Communist insurgents. "Why?" "I am a Catholic," she explains. "and I try not to think about blood when I think of my hatred of Marcos. But if not a knife or a bullet for him, I wish for one small cancer cell to do what needs to be done."

most of the Philippines' 46.5 million people, a population that faces increasing suffering as the country totters toward economic crisis. Violent crime is soaring so rapidly that even some government officials have recommended the easy licensing of firearms for self-protection. Abuse of power by the military, which has long been a coddled prop of the Marcos regime, has alienated millions of Filipinos from the government. Above all, there is a widespread sense that Marcos himself, a charismatic popular hero when he was elected President 14 years ago, has become the symbol of a plutocracy characterized by cronyism and corruption.

Despite a costly five-year military campaign, an armed rebellion among the

potential for another U.S. strategic disaster in the Philippines has not been lost on policymakers in Washington. One highly classified diplomatic cable, circulated among the State Department, the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Council, recently assessed the political prospects of key U.S. allies in the Far East. Its conclusion, while South Korea and Thailand face internal political threats that could lead to acceptable changes in their current governments, the Philippines faces a threat that could overturn the system of government itself. The worry in Washington is that even Marcos' non-Communist opposition, though still largely fragmented, is deepening and becoming more radical. The longer the President clings to his brand of autocracy that he calls "constitutional authoritarianism," it is feared, the more he could radicalize the opposition and thus pave the



Army troops on parade



Funeral for an infant victim of hunger



Muslim insurgents moving through jungle

way for a neutralist or even leftist reorientation of the Philippines' traditionally pro-American stance.

That prospect is upsetting to the Carter Administration, and not just because of this country's abiding, almost sentimental "special relationship" with its former colony. Washington is concerned about preserving the Philippines as its main military springboard in the Far East. In return for \$500 million in military assistance over the next five years, the U.S. by treaty has "unhampered use" of the huge (97 sq. mi.) naval facility at Subic Bay and Clark Air Force Base on Luzon. Those installations face Indochina across the South China Sea. They played an important role in the Viet Nam War, and have acquired renewed geopolitical importance as the only counterweight to the Soviet Union's progressive military build-up in the Pacific, especially in Viet Nam.

When Marcos pre-empted his country's constitution by proclaiming martial law on Sept. 21, 1972, Washington gave its tacit approval. At the time, an unstable democracy was drifting toward anarchy. Marcos' decision to suspend the legislature, arrest many of his opponents, muzzle the press, and otherwise impose his own autocratic rule, seemed a harsh but necessary step to save the country from political and economic turmoil. Recalls a leading member of the Nixon Administration: "We could see that the country was going to hell in a handbasket, and we saw Marcos as the ablest man in the country and wished him luck in trying to get a grip on the situation."

Even the opponents of Marcos conceded that he scored some impressive initial accomplishments with a full-scale counterinsurgency offensive, a vigorous

campaign against the twin evils of street violence and official corruption, and a headlong development boom aimed at reducing economic inequality. Despite the fading dream of a grandiose "New Society" that he originally promised his countrymen, Marcos still has the reluctant support of many middle-class Filipinos, who see no attractive alternative to his rule. One of the most respected businessmen in Manila, Economic Consultant Washington Sycip, acknowledges the multiplying problems and abuses but argues that the country's current predicament still compares favorably with the violence, political paralysis and economic stagnation of the pre-martial law era. He also plays down widespread reports that capital is fleeing abroad. "We don't see any case yet of major multinationals selling their companies because

of lack of confidence in the country."

Growing numbers of other Filipinos, however, are no longer willing to give Marcos the benefit of any doubt. Reason: the average citizen is being squeezed as never before. A slump in the world price of sugar, which is the mainstay of Philippine exports, higher oil costs and looming general recession have aggravated every painful symptom of the ailing economy. Inflation is expected to exceed 30% this year, and many families must spend 70% to 80% of their total income just on food. "If that goes much higher in the next year," says one worried diplomat, "anything could happen."

**F**or millions, their country's poverty means hunger and starvation. Government surveys show that serious malnutrition affects 30% of all Filipino children and as many as 80% in the poorest provinces. Marcos' ambitious wife Imelda, 50, who serves as a kind of velvet glove to his iron hand, has made the fight against hunger one of her well-publicized projects. At her ultramodern Nutrition Center of the Philippines in Manila, visitors are shown an elaborate audiovisual presentation of current schemes: "Nutribuses," "Nutrinoodles" and "Nutripak" of dried food in cellophane envelopes supposedly distributed to the poor. In fact, Mrs. Marcos' programs affect only a small minority of the hungry.

Reported TIME Correspondent Ross H. Munro after a visit to Negros Occidental: "Nowhere does the gulf between Nutrition Center show business and reality seem wider than in the provincial hospital of Bacolod. The hospital's 'Nutriward' has a total capacity of only twelve children, all suffering from marasmus, a severe form of malnutrition. The young patients seem to have been transplanted from the famines in Bangladesh and the sub-Saharan earlier in the decade. Big eyes staring from skeletal heads, matchstick limbs, bloated bellies. A priest of the prov-



Manila's Jaime Cardinal Sin  
Fears if democracy is not restored

The Philippines was ceded to the U.S. by Spain after the Spanish-American War in 1898, became a self-governing commonwealth in 1935 and achieved independence in 1946—with a constitution modeled on America's own.

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## World

ince gloomily estimated that 70% of his parishioners do not have enough to eat: "Two meals a day, just some rice and vegetables, fish is a luxury."

One hospital worker at Bacolod angrily told Munro that several patients had died for lack of medicine after a former administrator looted the institution of more than \$500,000. In Manila, a U.S. drug company executive says bribery is so ingrained in the system of government procurement of medicine that he forbids his salesmen to solicit business from the Health Ministry. While expressing admiration for many Filipino businessmen and technocrats, George Suter, head of Pfizer Inc. of the Philippines and president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Manila, shrugs: "They have to pay off."

Corruption today is endemic in the Philippines, and there are countless stories in Manila of how graft has enriched friends and relatives of the presidential family. One scheme that apparently generates enormous bribes is the system of government guarantees for loans made by foreign lenders to Filipino businessmen. The going rate for such guarantees is said to be 10% of the value of the loan—unless the Filipino businessman has the right connections with key figures in the Marcos government.

**T**he system of graft has filtered down, most notably in the military. Soldiers manning checkpoints in the countryside regularly shake down farmers for a fixed tribute: 30¢ for every sack of copra going to market. Corruption can also breed brutality. Members of the paramilitary Philippine constabulary are widely accused of extorting protection money from village storekeepers on penalty of gangster-style fires and explosions.

In his speech in Manila last week, Marcos once again pledged to "cleanse the ranks" of the armed forces, but few Filipinos believe such sackings can make much of a difference or that mere dismissal is a sufficient deterrent. More significantly, in the same speech Marcos drew a cheer from assembled soldiers when he announced another round of military pay raises. The fact is that Marcos must have the loyalty of the armed forces, not only to preserve his own rule but also to carry the fight against continuing armed rebellion on two separate fronts.

Since the Marcos government began pouring in troops in the mid-1970s, hostilities in the southern Philippines have noticeably diminished, even though the armed Muslim guerrillas, officially estimated at 10,000, still make life difficult for the army. Military helicopters ferrying the dead are an almost daily sight at Zamboanga City's airport. On the other hand, a hit-and-run guerrilla war being waged by the N.P.A. in northeastern Luzon, Samar and four other regions is steadily intensifying. Though believed to number only 2,000 to 3,000 armed guerrillas,



**U.S. Navy antisubmarine plane on airstrip at Subic Bay**

*The anti-American mood did not augur well for the future of strategic bases.*

the N.P.A. operates with hundreds of quicksilver squads, each with five to ten men and women who seem to be everywhere and nowhere as they fly from one "ambush of opportunity" to another. "The N.P.A. still isn't in a position to engage the army in a frontal confrontation," says a clandestine leading member of the outlawed Communist Party. "But that day will come."

In the view of many observers, that day may still be a long way off. They feel that Marcos, while under bruising pressure from several different directions, is still in no imminent danger of being overthrown because no mass revolutionary movement of sufficient breadth and organization has yet coalesced against him. The opposition, while widespread and vocal, is still a scattershot assemblage of disparate groups that do not yet show any serious sign of forming a common front comparable to the Islamic-leftist coalition that originally brought down the Shah. Democratic moderates are still divided by longstanding rivalries, but they are being increasingly united by the intensity of their distaste for Marcos and resentment against what they perceive as his U.S. support. The most popular opposition leader is former Senator Benigno Aquino, 46, a one-time provincial warlord, who has been Marcos' political prisoner since 1972. Last year Marcos forces had to do some urgent ballot-box stuffing to prevent Aquino from outpolling Imelda in a legislative election, even though Aquino conducted his campaign from a prison cell. Some diplomats believe that Aquino, as a free man, would defeat Marcos handily in a national election, which helps explain why Marcos is not about to free him or call an election.

The Roman Catholic Church, to which 85% of Filipinos belong, is by no means united either. Most bishops either stand aloof or behind Marcos. In the parishes, however, hostility to martial law and its abuses has led many priests and nuns to help the Communists against Marcos. Those leftist sympathies, in turn, are said to have compelled Cardinal Sin to try to hold the church together by raising his own voice against the regime. A conservative on most issues, the outspoken primate has begun rebuking Cabinet ministers and publicly urged Marcos to call honest elections or step down. He has also challenged Imelda on church-state issues, most notably on her plans to build an imposing 14-chapel basilica at a cost of more than \$100 million. After the Cardinal pointedly suggested that the money could be better spent on the poor, Marcos himself quietly shelved the project.

The increasingly anti-American mood in the opposition does not augur well for the future of U.S. bases in any post-Marcos government, whatever form it may take. Washington has now made clear to Marcos that it would like him to lift martial law and restore democratic processes. This change in attitude since the Nixon days is not just a reflection of the Carter Administration's sensibilities about human rights but is also a product of hard-bitten realism: How long can Marcos last if he remains inflexible? Says a militant nun: "We Filipinos are often compared to the water buffalo. It is such a passive, faithful, hard-working creature. But sometimes with no warning, it runs amuck and goes its master." The unanswered question is whether the master of the Philippines will heed a warning that has now been made loud and clear. ■

# An Interview with President Marcos

*"I must risk being called names to protect the country"*

Manila's Malacañang Palace recalls an 18th century European royal court. At the top of a sweeping, crimson-carpeted staircase, huge chandeliers dominate the great hall where Cabinet ministers, ambassadors and favor-seekers wait to be received in audience. Inside the President's book-lined office, rows of brown leather chairs lead to his desk, which stands on a raised platform flanked by Philippine flags. In a palace interview last week with TIME Correspondent Ross H. Munro, Marcos exuded confidence as he talked about the future of his regime and his country. Despite rumors that he has serious medical problems the slender, black-haired President appeared to be thoroughly relaxed and in good health. He described the rumors that he is receiving kidney dialysis treatment as "ridiculous." Excerpts:

**Q.** What do you consider the main accomplishments of the past seven years?

**A.** I would say the most important is the change in the attitudes, the temper of our people. In 1972 everybody was ready to give up and abandon the republic, democracy and the libertarian ideas that we have. We did not adopt the socialist or Communist ideology [but instead preserved] a free enterprise system committed to egalitarian ideals and the elimination of that wide gap between the rich and the poor.

**Q.** Why is martial law still justified?

**A.** You in the Western world think of martial law as meaning the supremacy of the military over the civilian government. We know it only as the civil government using the military to enforce the civil law. Actually, the use of the term martial law was really unwise, ill-advised. But whether you call it emergency rule, or a one-party system, as they have in other countries, the thing is that the martial law you speak of, which the Western world may find so odious, is not the same type of martial law that we have here.

**Q.** Under whatever label, why is this system still justified?

**A.** Because it is something which is necessary for our own peculiar situation. We are, right now, trying to liquidate the secessionist movement in Mindanao. While we are in the process, therefore, I believe that the national government should be armed with this power. We've just received hard evidence to indicate a tie-up between the New People's Army with the



**Q.** In traveling throughout the country, we heard many reports that the Philippine military are alienating the people with brutality and corruption.

**A.** Who are these people, so that we will know how to get the evidence? I can assure you that any abuses will be punished. It is very easy [for people] to make all these accusations and then say that we are afraid to testify. One has to be fair to [the military]. But we can be ruthless and merciless if necessary. We have disciplined more than 3,200 officers and men since 1972.

**Q.** You have warned against "mischievous people" who are trying to divide the armed forces. What do you mean by that?

**A.** The Communists and their sympathizers are trying to divide the armed forces. One of the basic strategies of the Communist Party is to weaken the armed forces of the Philippines. When you hear somebody giving the same old line, "the only way to change is to kill Marcos or take over the government," now that kind of a line is a Communist line.

**Q.** We heard that members of the armed forces are selling guns to the Communists.

**A.** That's quite true. We've caught about a hundred of them, and they were selling guns and ammunition. They don't care to whom, they just want the money. And this is why anybody who engages in corruption is a weak link in the entire organization. He must be eliminated. We are all agreed, from the chief of staff all the way down, that we have to cleanse the ranks.

**Q.** The First Lady is the second most prominent person in your government. Will she be your successor?

**A.** On the contrary, even in the executive committee or the supracabinet, she is not a member. If I died or if I were in any way disqualified from continuing as President or Prime Minister, under the constitution, it is specifically provided that the Batasang Pambansa [the pro-Marcos interim legislature] chooses the successor. And I don't know why everybody is in doubt. The members of the permanent Batasang Pambansa will be elected again in 1984. They will help to decide who the Prime Minister is all over again. Now if all those people want to change me, they can work for that particular goal. ■



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## World

MIDDLE EAST

### "Good Chemistry" All Around

*Strauss tries to get the autonomy talks into second gear*

**T**heir dialogue is going better than anyone expected," marveled President Carter's special Middle East envoy, Robert Strauss, last week. "It's a dramatic change in their relationship, and we hope to keep developing that good chemistry." Strauss was speaking of that odd couple of the Middle East, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, the mercurial visionary, and Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, the Talmudic legalist. Despite the glaringly obvious disparity in their temperaments, the awkward relationship between the two leaders that was so apparent at Camp David a year ago continues to grow into a sense of mutual respect and even affection.

Strauss called on both men last week to hear firsthand what had transpired at their eighth summit meeting in Haifa earlier this month—and perhaps to assess some troublesome new reports about Begin's health (*see box*). He also wanted to explore ways in which the talks on Palestinian autonomy could be propelled into "second gear" and West Bank and Gaza Strip residents could be coaxed into joining the negotiations over their political destiny. "We don't want this to end up as just an Egyptian-Israeli agreement," Strauss told *TIME* Correspondent William Drozdiak. "We are committed to a comprehensive peace; the issues are on the table and the dice are rolling."

Strauss first flew to Cairo for meetings with Prime Minister Moustafa Khallil, who heads Egypt's negotiating team, and then called on President Sadat at his hilltop retreat overlooking the Pyramids, on the outskirts of Cairo. Sadat seated Strauss at the evening session so that while he talked the Ambassador would have a

compelling view of the Pyramids, illuminated by a bright harvest moon. Strauss later informed Carter: "Under those conditions, whatever Sadat had to sell, I would have bought."

The Egyptian President talked enthusiastically about his summit with Begin and urged Strauss "not to knock the Israelis over the head," said Strauss later: "Sadat has gone from hope and optimism to absolute certainty about the inevitability of success in the peace process. He feels we have come so far down the road that there is no longer any worry of a breakdown." The U.S. Ambassador also came away convinced that Sadat has opted for a "narrow approach" to the peace process and has abandoned the broader strategy, favored by Washington, of trying to coax Jordan and the Palestinians to join the autonomy negotiations as soon as possible.

More than anything else, Sadat is anxious to carry out the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty without delay. This would enable him to retrieve the Sinai and its oil wells from the Israelis. He does not wish to get embroiled in any new controversies that might offer the Israelis a pretext to balk on the timetable, which now calls for the return of the areas containing the oil wells by next November. Explained an Egyptian member of the autonomy committee: "If we can establish the sense of permanence and stability we have today in the bilateral relations between Egypt and Israel, then we can do the same with autonomy."

For the time being, the U.S. is inclined to go along with the Egyptian-Israeli position that no outside participation is probable or perhaps even desirable for at

least three months. During this period, negotiations on Palestinian autonomy will be conducted on a technical level. "We think we can make more progress now by putting together a dowry and hoping to find someone to marry the bride if the dowry gets rich enough."

But how much Jerusalem is prepared to contribute remains to be seen. In talks with Israeli officials, including Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, Strauss reassured them that Carter is not going to "woo the Palestinians" into joining the talks over Jerusalem's objections. Nonetheless, after his 90-minute session with the Israeli Premier, Strauss—with Begin's blessing—sped off for a half-hour talk with Elias Freij, the mayor of Bethlehem. Freij, a moderate Palestinian, repeated his familiar argument that autonomy will lead nowhere. Said he: "The Palestinians cannot accept it because it will mean giving legal approval to Israel's occupation of the area."

**W**est Bank moderates like Freij are more worried than ever by what they call Israel's "creeping annexation," most notably the establishment of new Jewish settlements in the area. The issue is a stormy one for Israelis as well, and a ministerial committee decision in August to beef up four existing settlements led to a bitter row last week between liberal Deputy Premier Yigael Yadin and Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon, an ardent promoter of the settlements. At a Cabinet meeting, Yadin angrily charged that Sharon used the committee decision to build two entirely new settlements. "Sharon is misleading!" he shouted. "He lied to the Cabinet." Sharon's angry answer: "I am lying? Yadin is the one who misled thousands of people in this country." Then, turning to Yadin, he added: "I will strip you naked." At that point, Begin wearily ordered a stenographer to delete the exchange



Robert Strauss with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in Cairo



The U.S. envoy relaxing with Israeli Foreign Minister Dayan and Wife Rachel

*Putting together a dowry in hopes of finding someone to marry the bride—if the dowry gets big enough.*



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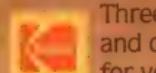
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## World

of angry accusations from the record.

For all their public denunciations of autonomy, many Palestinians privately hope that Jordan's King Hussein and Palestine Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat will agree to let West Bank and Gaza representatives take part in the talks. Indeed, there is speculation that Hussein and Arafat may already have reached some such agreement at the Conference of Nonaligned Countries in Havana. Observers point to a number of intriguing signs: 1) three pro-Jordanian West Bank moderates were suddenly called to Amman last week for talks with Hussein; 2) P.L.O. guerrillas in southern Lebanon have not launched any rocket attacks against Israeli targets for three weeks; and 3) Sadat's optimistic prediction that Jordan will join the peace process "within months." West Bankers suspect that Sadat is actually signaling Hussein that he had better enter the process soon if he wants to influence the outcome. Another factor in the changing mood is a growing awareness among Palestinians that an independent state consisting of the West Bank and Gaza is economically unrealistic. The only answer may be some kind of confederation with political links to Jordan and economic links to both Jordan and Israel, as well as a measure of independence.

Meanwhile, there were tantalizing hints that the Saudis were still very much involved behind the scenes in trying to influence the outcome of a Middle East settlement. TIME's Cairo bureau chief Dean Breslis learned last week that Saudi Arabia, through a third party, re-



Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon



Deputy Premier Yigael Yadin

*A bitter row, charges of lying, and a Cabinet almost out of control.*

cently deposited \$500 million in a Denver bank. It was a sum that the Saudis had promised Sadat for the purchase of F-5s and had withheld after Camp David. Although F-5s are no longer on Sadat's shopping list, the money is presumably there for him to buy the F-4 Phantoms he has decided on instead.

At the same time, however, high-level Western diplomats in the Middle East report that Crown Prince Fahd was

"deeply dismayed" by the U.S. failure to respond to diplomatic overtures from the P.L.O. These diplomatic sources fear that the Saudis are seriously contemplating a cutback in oil production by 1 million bbl. a day in early October, from current levels of 9.5 million bbl. a day. If that happens, the dice-rolling on the peace process could become very frantic indeed, and Strauss's optimism could freeze over with the first blasts of winter. ■

## Fears for Begin's Health

At his Haifa summit meeting with Menachem Begin, Anwar Sadat took aside his close friend Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman and asked him to "look after Begin." The Israeli Premier's health is indeed precarious: now 66, he has survived a heart attack, and is still recovering from a mild stroke he suffered last July. Worries over Begin's well-being could be an important factor in Sadat's determination to move forward on the peace agreement with Israel as soon as possible. His health is also a matter of increasing concern to Israelis, who wonder how long the ailing Premier can remain in office.

Shortly before the Haifa summit, TIME Correspondent David Halevy learned last week, Begin took a day off from his governmental duties. He was driven to a secluded laboratory, where three non-Israeli neurological experts examined him. One of the specialists was Dr. Jack Fein, a prominent brain surgeon at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City.

After the examination, the doctors recommended that Begin restrict himself to a three-hour workday and try to rest as



Israeli Premier Menachem Begin

much as possible. They apparently feared that the medication that Begin takes for his heart condition has affected his body's ability to recover from the stroke. "I am concerned about Mr. Begin's health," said Dr. Fein, "but I admire his courage." Begin is now forced to spend far fewer hours in his office than any previous Israeli Premier. For Golda Meir and Yitzhak Rabin, 18-hour days were normal. By contrast, Begin usually arrives at 8:30 in the morning and leaves between 11:30 and noon. He often returns in late afternoon for another hour or so, but since his stroke he has done this less frequently. Aides say that he works at home, but Begin has seldom seen any Israeli official, politician or even family friends at his Jerusalem house since the stroke.

Begin seems less and less in control of his fractious ministers. At the Cabinet meeting that led to the bitter exchange between Yadin and Sharon, the Premier admitted that he had not read the minutes of the committee report on the settlements, despite the fact that they had been sent to his home. Even one of Begin's protective aides admits deep concern: "It seems that his physical condition is deteriorating quickly. I do not know when, but he will have to quit the premiership. It might happen tomorrow, next week—or next year."

## World

ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

### The Last Chance

Posturing vs. reality

When they last sat down with British diplomats in Geneva three years ago, the archenemies in Zimbabwe Rhodesia's civil war could not even agree on an agenda. The talks broke off after three stormy weeks. Thus the British officials who had persuaded Prime Minister Bishop Abel Muzorewa and his guerrilla foes from the Patriotic Front to attend a "constitutional conference" in London last week were cheered when the two sides agreed on an outline for the discussions. It had been adopted, an erudite Foreign Office spokesman gleefully announced, *enimine contradicente* (Latin for without any objection), on only the second day. The unexpectedly swift approval of the agenda suggested that both sides were determined to reach agreement on a new constitution for the breakaway colony that could serve as a basis for a cease-fire and internationally recognized elections. As a senior adviser to Joshua Nkomo, the Patriotic Front co-leader, put it: "We are here for a settlement and we are taking it seriously. Posturing is one thing; reality is another."

The reality is that the talks may be the last chance to achieve a peaceful solution to the war. After seven years of bloody fighting and more than 18,000 deaths, neither side has gained a decisive edge. Salisbury's 12,000-man army and air force, backed by 40,000 reservists, have killed thousands of guerrillas in attacks on base camps in Mozambique and Zambia, but without crippling the Patriotic Front. Nkomo and his partner Robert Mugabe now have an estimated 12,000 fighters operating inside Zimbabwe Rhodesia, almost double the number of a year ago. Tiring of the stalemate, the guerrillas' backers in the "front-line states" (Tanzania, Zambia, Angola, Mozambique and Botswana) have prodded Nkomo and Mugabe to be more flexible. Simultaneously British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has been pressuring Muzorewa to accept amendments to the Zimbabwe Rhodesia constitution that would remove some of the privileges accorded the country's 230,000 whites (in a population of 7.2 million) in exchange for a lifting of the 13-year-old economic sanctions.

Still there was plenty of posturing over the conference's central issue: the nature and extent of guarantees to be offered to the country's whites, who are fleeing at the rate of 1,000 a month. The Patriotic Front put forth a proposed constitution that would not reserve any seats for whites in the 100-member Parliament (they now control 28). Britain's Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, presented an alternative that would guarantee the whites one-third membership in a toothless Senate and an



Lord Carrington greeting Muzorewa



The Foreign Secretary with Joshua Nkomo  
Setting new limits on white privilege

unspecified number of seats in the lower house—but not enough to block legislation or constitutional amendments. Displeased by both plans, Muzorewa threatened to walk out. But sources in his delegation said that the bishop's tantrum was no more than a threat aimed at holding together his divided delegation.

Another key goal of the conference is finding a formula for the installation of a peace-keeping force, probably supplied by Commonwealth nations, to supervise a truce until new elections can be held. If that compromise cannot be achieved, neither side has any alternative but to keep fighting it out on the battlefield, where no one has any hope of a victory. ■

AP/WIDEWORLD

### ANGOLA Neto's Death

Start of a power struggle

*We are your children of the native quarters which electricity never reaches men dying drunk abandoned to the rhythm of death's tom-toms*

So wrote Agostinho Neto, the poet, doctor and revolutionary who became Angola's first President in 1975. The tom-toms pounded for Neto last week when he died in a Moscow hospital at the age of 56, following surgery for cancer of the pancreas and cirrhosis of the liver.

The son of a Methodist minister, Neto had spent years in prison and exile. When Portugal granted independence to the 400-year-old colony in 1975, Neto's Popular Liberation Movement of Angola (M.P.L.A.), backed by Russia and Cuba, became involved in a three-way power struggle with the rival guerrilla forces of Jonas Savimbi and Holden Roberto, both of whom had Western support. After gaining the upper hand with the aid of some 2,000 Cuban troops, Neto embarked on a troubled presidency marred by continued civil war, serious economic difficulties and bitter dissension within his party.

That dissension contained the seeds of a succession struggle that is now developing in Angola. Neto did not designate a successor before flying off to Moscow on Sept. 6. Speculation about the country's new leader revolves mainly around four figures within the M.P.L.A.: José Eduardo dos Santos, the pro-Soviet Minister of Planning and provisional head of government during Neto's absence; Lucio Lara, the provisional president of the M.P.L.A.; Defense Minister Iko Carreira; and Lopo do Nascimento, former Prime Minister, whom Neto fired last year.

A change in Angolan policy could shift the balance of power in southern Africa. Neto had recently shown a growing independence from Moscow and some openness to the West, backing deals with Gulf Oil and Texaco and seeking to establish diplomatic relations with Washington.

The Soviets are now expected to use their privileged position in Angola to support a pro-Moscow hard-liner. Washington obviously would prefer a moderate of Neto's stamp, but has little bargaining leverage. Said one U.S. official: "With the Cuban situation so volatile right now, Neto's death could hardly have come at a worse time." ■



Agostinho Neto



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# The Birth of a New Non-State

Pretoria carries on its grand plan for apartheid

A squadron of South African Impala jets thundered through the skies over the new Independence Stadium in Thohoyandou, as tribal dancers raised clouds of red dust with their rhythmic exhortations to ancestral spirits. At the stroke of midnight, South Africa's top-hatted President Marais Viljoen strode down a red carpet to announce a "great historic event, the birth of a new state." At his side stood Chief Patrick Mphephu, 54, a small, diffident man with a fifth-grade education, who was soon to become the Executive President of the Republic of Venda, a Del-aware-sized region tucked in the northeast corner of South Africa. As Venda's new four-color flag fluttered in the breeze overhead, Mphephu told his fellow citizens, "We must be prepared to preserve and defend this newly won dream."

To most outside observers, that dream seemed more like a mirage. The mango-patch "republic" (pop. 480,000) is unlikely to win recognition from any nation apart from South Africa. Zimbabwe Rhodesia, and its fellow black homeland states of Transkei and BophuthaTswana, which obtained "independence" from Pretoria in 1976 and 1977. The fragility of Venda's new status was even reflected in its stage-prop capital, Thohoyandou ("head of the elephant"). Pretoria had hastily fitted out the town for the occasion with a cluster of government buildings, a hotel, a supermarket and the stadium.

Venda is the third member of that "constellation" of black states envisioned by the late Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd as the keystone to the edifice of apartheid. Enacted into law in 1959, the homelands plan calls for the establishment of ten purportedly independent black states divided along tribal lines and scattered across South Africa. When complete, the scheme would crowd all of the blacks, who make up more than 80% of the South African population, onto a mere 15% of the land. The rest of the country, including most of its mineral wealth and all of its industrial regions, would remain in the hands of 4.5 million whites.

Although the rest of the world has denounced the scheme and refused to recognize these "children of apartheid," Pretoria continues to push its homelands policy as the ultimate "solution to the racial problem in South Africa." Besides the three homelands that are now nominally independent, seven are in transitional stages on the road to autonomy. But that road is fraught with difficulties. Only three of the homelands, Ciskei, QwaQwa and KaNgwane, are unitary territories; the rest are fragmented enclaves, surrounded by land reserved for whites. Only Transkei possesses a deep-water seaport. Apart from BophuthaTswana and Lebowa, which have rich mineral deposits, the rural homelands lack exploitable resources.

Their inhabitants are engaged mainly in subsistence-level farming, while about half of the men are forced to migrate to South Africa in search of employment.

Economic development of the homelands is totally dependent on outside investment, about 60% of which comes from South Africa; overseas investment provides the rest. This year the Pretoria government will contribute \$35 million to Venda's modest budget of \$43.6 million. Despite attempts by South Africa to promote industry in the black territories, the results have been unimpressive: fewer



President Viljoen and Venda's Chief Mphephu inspect South African honor guard  
Trying to defend a newly won dream that seemed more like a mirage.

than 75,000 jobs have been created for black workers in the homelands.

No amount of economic aid can mask the racial basis of the scheme, which strips millions of blacks of their South African nationality as their tribal homelands become independent. The logical result of the plan, in the candid analysis of the former Cabinet Minister in charge of black affairs, Cornelius Mulder, is that "there will not be one black man with South African citizenship."

This systematic disinheriance has been bitterly denounced by Pretoria's critics at home and abroad. Says Zulu Chief Minister Gatsha Buthelezi, who adamantly opposes independence for his native KwaZulu: "We are not prepared to be a participant in this great political confidence trick. We are still South Africans and we will stay that way until we can share in the political decision-making and economic wealth of this great country."

Homeland independence was long opposed by Venda's new President Mphephu, who has headed the tribal territory since 1962. But Mphephu apparently turned an about-face last year after Pretoria helped him outmaneuver some opposition leaders who threatened to overthrow him. Invoking South African emergency laws, Mphephu jailed 50 persons, including eleven members of the parliamentary opposition.

To Mphephu and the other members of Venda's political elite, independence will bring immediate perks in the form of government-provided cars, high salaries and elegant new homes like Mphephu's \$750,000 mansion on Thohoyandou's Nob Hill. But it remains to be seen whether "independence" will prove a boon to the people of an impoverished backwater area whose per capita income is only \$25 a month.

## World

ARGENTINA

# In Search of the Disappeared

*A commission probes the government's record on human rights*

**W**hen word that Argentina had won the world junior soccer championship in Tokyo reached Buenos Aires, the country burst into frenzied celebration. Two days later, thousands of screaming fans gathered in the capital's Plaza de Mayo as President Jorge Rafael Videla welcomed home the squad, still beaming from its 3-1 triumph over the Soviet Union. Meanwhile a much smaller crowd lined up, almost unnoticed, outside the headquarters of the Organization of American States (O.A.S.). More than 1,500 people waited to present petitions to the visiting Inter-American Commission on Human Rights. Last week the commission was near the midpoint of a long-delayed, two-week investigation of the fates of thousands of *desaparecidos* (the disappeared)—people who vanished without a trace during the government's campaign against terrorism.

No one knows how many Argentines mysteriously disappeared during the reigns of Isabel Perón and the military regime that toppled her three years ago. Human rights organizations, including the London-based Amnesty International, charge that since 1975 15,000 *desaparecidos* have been abducted, tortured and possibly killed by agents of the government—without authorization by any court of law. Argentine activists guess that the total might be as high as 12,000, while the government insists that fewer than 5,000 people were arrested under executive powers invoked during a state of siege that was imposed in 1974.

Satisfied that the "war" against the Montonero terrorists had been won, General Videla last year ordered that squallid where thousands of political prisoners were held should be spruced up, and invited the Inter-American Commission to make a firsthand inspection of its human rights performance. As Videla told TIME Buenos Aires Bureau Chief George Russell last week: "We have nothing to hide."

In fact, since last year the regime has been much more selective in using its sweeping powers to arrest people suspected of subversion and hold them indefinitely. The mysterious squads of thugs, who usually ride in Ford Falcons and kidnap suspected opponents of the regime, have been relatively inactive. This year only 36 Argentines, compared with more than 600 in 1978, have joined the ranks of the *desaparecidos*. Critics of the regime

say that the crackdown on alleged subversives, rather than being halted, has simply been redirected. Instead of focusing on individuals thought to have terrorist connections, activists claim, the government is now harassing the human rights organizations that have dramatized the plight of the missing victims worldwide. Says a leader of one such group: "We face a total system of repression."

The new trend became evident in December when 42 of the so-called Mad Mothers, who every Thursday had conducted a silent vigil on behalf of their

seizing the printed list of *desaparecidos*: "I wanted to hand over a copy personally to the Inter-American Commission."

That kind of bland admission is, in a sense, a step forward for Argentina's military rulers. There have been others. Until July, the government refused to give any information on prisoners detained under the broad-brush emergency powers. It now makes monthly reports, the latest showing that 1,438 people are still detained without charge.

Last week Harguindeguy announced new laws that will permit relatives of those who have disappeared since November 1974 to have them declared legally dead. Wives and dependents of the vanished can claim pensions from the government one year after the disappearance. The law is necessary, President Videla argues, because "the peculiarity of terrorist action prevents us from determining if the presumed *desaparecidos* are still in hiding, have left the country or have died as a consequence of their own terrorist activities."

**T**hat argument is small comfort to anguished families who are convinced that their kinsmen who remain alive are languishing in secret concentration camps. Argentines who claim to have been detained in such camps tell harrowing stories of being confined in cramped "boxes" only 2 ft. long, 2½ ft. wide and less than 5 ft. tall. The blaring music that was constantly played inside these camps, they say, could not cover up the screams of prisoners being beaten or tortured with electric shocks. Says a father whose two sons vanished in 1976 from their home in Buenos Aires: "Even the worst common criminals in Argentina are tried and judged. Their parents know what happened and why. But not us."

To determine the validity of these accusations, the commission (whose seven members, mostly lawyers and jurists, are from the U.S., Costa Rica, Brazil, Colombia, Mexico, El Salvador and Venezuela) is conducting discreet interviews with government officials, opposition leaders, clergymen, political detainees and even ex-President Isabelita herself, who is under house arrest at an estate near Buenos Aires. There seems little chance that the commission can complete its report before the O.A.S. General Assembly next meets in October. It will be more than a year before the body can debate whether the charges that Argentina is abusing the rights of its people are justified or if they are, as Videla claims, the result of a "defamation campaign" launched by the forces of international terrorism. ■



**Buenos Aires woman displaying photo of "disappeared" relative**  
*New laws held out little comfort for anguished families*



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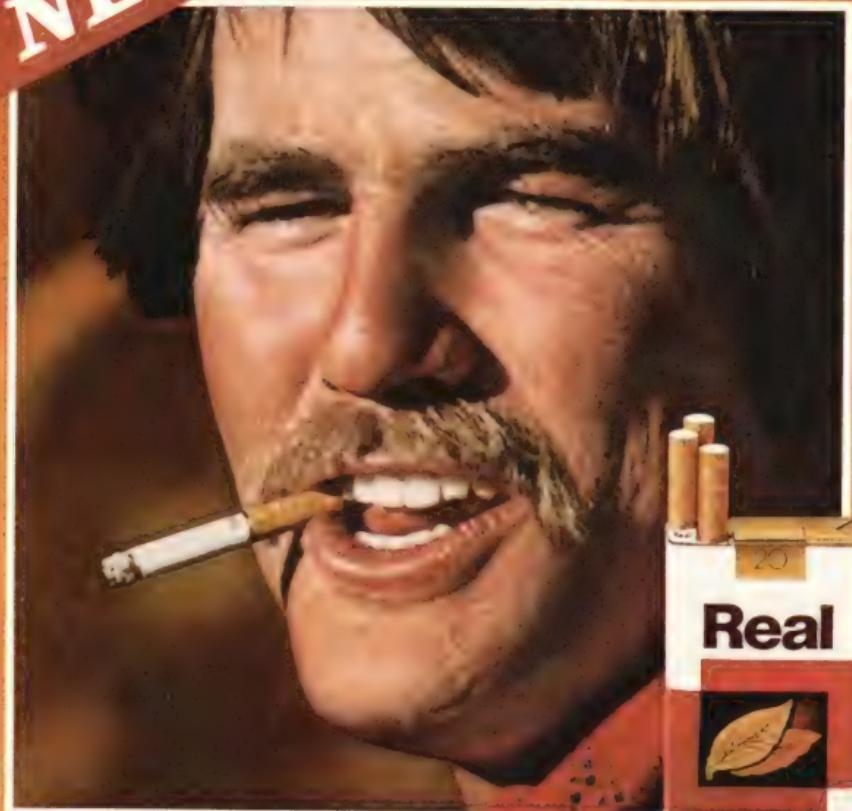


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## Time Essay

### The Dilemma of Dealing with Dictators

It has been a bad year for right-wing dictatorships—and for the U.S. which has often supported them. First Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi of Iran, then General Anastasio Somoza Debayle of Nicaragua were swept into exile by largely home-grown revolutions. Each had long been taken for granted as the absolute ruler of his country and as a friend of the U.S. Yet in the end, Somoza's national guard, cloned from the U.S. Marine Corps, was as ineffective against the Sandinista guerrillas as the Shah's army and secret police—the best that petrobillions could buy—were against the mostly unarmed followers of a cranky, theocratic graybeard, the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

At the climactic moment, U.S. friendship for this Persian Ozymandias and this quintessential banana-republic强人 did not seem to count for much. His Imperial Majesty the King of Kings became overnight an international outcast with a price on his head, wandering from Egypt to Morocco to the Bahamas to Mexico, discouraged from seeking asylum in the U.S. When Somoza desperately tried to telephone from his bunker to Jimmy Carter for help, the White House switchboard shunted the call to the State Department, where Somoza left a message. Cyrus Vance cabled him back, urging him to quit.

The sudden and ignominious collapse of the Pahlavi and Somoza dynasties came as a shock to Americans and raised troubling questions: How can the U.S. determine which dictatorships are relatively stable and which are unstable or transitory, and how should the U.S. deal with them?

Few Americans have ever felt entirely comfortable with their Government's support for clearly and often cruelly undemocratic regimes. When an old fascist like Spain's Francisco Franco died in 1975, thus finally permitting the restoration of democracy, or when the junta of Greek Colonels self-destructed in 1974 by instigating an abortive coup in Cyprus and made way for the return of Constantine Caramanlis, the U.S. reacted with general relief. Still, the world is full of dictatorships, the U.S. has to deal with most of them, and simply condemning them on moral grounds is not a policy. Support for many of these regimes is widely accepted as necessary in a divided and dangerous world. Since the height of the cold war, American policymakers have been saying of one right-wing despot or another, as Franklin Roosevelt is supposed to have said of Somoza's dictatorial father "Tacho" in the late 1930s: "He may be a son of a bitch, but he's our son of a bitch."

The Soviet Union has its client dictators too. Rather than just tolerating leftist tyrannies, the Kremlin justifies them with dogma and defends them with tanks. Those that call themselves socialist and persecute in the name of the proletariat often seem more enduring than ideologically reactionary, avowedly anti-Communist dictatorships. Most of their staying power is due to the Soviet tanks, ready to roll over incipient democratization as they did in Prague in 1968. Political geography also helps leftist totalitarianism. It has been most durable in Eastern Europe, wedged snugly within the postwar Soviet sphere of influence, though even in that bloc there have been



Nicaragua's ousted Somoza



Iran's deposed Shah

occasional upheavals and gradual evolutions, as witness the sporadic steps toward some liberalism in Hungary, Poland and Rumania.

Dictatorship, like misery, loves company. Right-wing military rulers have enjoyed their longest runs side by side in Latin America. Where a despot of either the right or the left has ruled in relative isolation, he has been more likely to fall of his own weight and more vulnerable to internal enemies. To wit: the Greek Colonels, who were America's sons of bitches, and Sukarno of Indonesia, who was Moscow's and who was ousted in an anti-Communist military coup in 1966. Even today the Soviet Union is hard pressed to save the tottering Marxist dictatorship of President Noor Mohammed Taraki from an Islamic rebellion in Afghanistan.

The spectacles in Iran and Nicaragua did not fit the pattern that Americans have grown used to in watching the rise and fall of client dictators. Far from propping up the Shah and Somoza, as the U.S. had so often been accused of doing, the Carter Administration seemed to be helping topple them, or at least undermining them with criticism of their human rights abuses.

Henry Kissinger feels that the Administration's campaign of proselytizing for democracy in Iran and Nicaragua aggravated, even if it did not cause, the crises in those countries. Viewing what he regards as a dual debacle from the perspective of a once and possibly future Secretary of State, Kissinger told TIME: "I'm convinced that trying to bludgeon societies into behavior analogous to our own either will lead to a deadlock and American irrelevance, or it will lead to the collapse of existing authority without a substitute compatible with our values and, therefore, the emergence of a radical outcome, as in Iran and Nicaragua. When we begin overthrowing a government, as indirectly we did in Nicaragua, we should either have an idea of what we are going to put in its place, or we should think through the foreign policy consequences if the radical alternative takes over. If there is no moderate alternative and our choice is between the status quo and the radicals, it is a serious question whether the radicals are more in our long-term interest than the status quo."



Spain's Generalissimo Franco

Carter Administration officials vehemently reject Kissinger's complaint that they overthrew Somoza. The Sandinistas did that themselves. All the U.S. did was to administer a diplomatic *coup de grâce* in order to end the civil war. To preserve the status quo in Iran or Nicaragua—i.e., keep the Shah or Somoza in power—would probably have required direct military intervention, with G.I.s fighting alongside the Shah's imperial troops and Somoza's national guard. Even then, the Islamic and Sandinista revolutions might well have triumphed, leaving American prestige and strategic interests far more badly damaged than they are today.

Aside from quarreling over who "lost" Iran and Nicaragua, many in the Carter Administration would agree with Kissinger that there are great risks in pulling the rug out from under

## Essay

a longtime client without a plausible, acceptable successor well positioned to take over. "It's an unhappy fact of life," observes a White House policymaker, "that destabilizing our friends is a hell of a lot easier than destabilizing our enemies, and undoing a friendly regime that we have lost patience with is a lot easier than putting it back together again." So some of the men around John F. Kennedy learned in 1963 when they decided to authorize covert U.S. backing for an army coup against South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem, whose anti-Buddhist repressions, they felt, were contributing to the political turmoil of the country and hampering the war effort. Diem was killed in the coup. What followed was a series of military Presidents who were unable to stem the deterioration of the situation.

I recent traumatic experiences in Iran and Nicaragua have plunged the Carter Administration into an overdue reappraisal of the way the U.S. deals with dictators. The President has put the intelligence community, the State Department and the National Security Council on notice that never again must the decline and fall of a friendly government catch the U.S. so much by surprise. That means identifying and assessing the opposition to the existing powers sooner and more accurately, without the ideological typecasting ("Reds," "Communists," "terrorists," even "radicals") that has tended to weaken and distort analysis in the past.

The U.S. has rationalized its support for right-wing regimes on the time-honored principle that the enemies of our Communist enemies are our friends. But the converse is not necessarily true: the domestic enemies of right-wing friends may not be Communists or even Communist-backed. They may be motivated by grievances and aspirations that Karl Marx never dreamed of—and certainly would not have approved of—although they may be fiercely anti-American. They may be Shi'ite mullahs in Iran or Catholic nuns in the Philippines.

Moreover, fast industrialization and a vast influx of wealth may not bring stability and democracy in a developing country, as Americans have been inclined to believe, but may lead to instability and chaos. On this point, Kissinger candidly admits to lingering uncertainty about Iran: "In retrospect, it probably would have been wiser for us, in the period 1972-75, not to rely on the conviction that the rapid economic progress of Iran would produce greater stability of the Shah's government. It would have been wiser to recognize that in a society like that, economic development produces new classes and new groups that somehow have to be fitted into the political process. Thinking back to how I would have acted on that insight as Secretary of State, I confess I am still somewhat puzzled."

When Kissinger says that, even with the benefit of hindsight, he is not sure what he should have done seven years ago, the Carter Administration can be forgiven for some puzzlement about how to proceed now, as it tries to deal prudently with undemocratic, potentially unstable regimes.

A large part of the challenge is to distinguish between viable authoritarian regimes and ones that are doomed, especially among those the U.S. relies on to protect regional security. Where is the status quo best sustained, and where is it a lost cause? When should the U.S. stand by a client, despite his internal regime, and when should the U.S. begin to distance itself from him? In the context of statecraft, these questions are neither moralistic nor cynical. They are a matter of differentiating between those with whom the U.S. must live and those who will try to cling to the U.S. as they go under. There are at least four guides that might help in that differentiation:

First, the U.S. should be especially wary of embracing dictatorships that have sprung up in countries with democratic traditions, like Chile and Greece. The Pinochet junta is an aberration in modern Chilean history and may well go the way of the Greek Colonels. The same could be true of Ferdinand Marcos, although democracy in the Philippines has always been fragile and turbulent. Conversely, the U.S. has little choice but to tolerate military rule where it is the norm. For example, South Korea's Park Chung Hee suppresses dissent by an "emergency decree" superficially similar to Marcos' martial law; but different versions of such measures have been the rule in South Korea, while they are a relatively recent exception in the Philippines. Similarly, Thailand for decades has run on a mixture of monarchy, military oligarchy and a mostly rubber-stamp parliamentary system, with the last by far the weakest ingredient.

Second, the U.S. has more reason to regard a strict, perhaps unsavory internal regime in a country as viable if that country faces an external threat. South Korea and Thailand both live with the clear and present danger of hostile, militarily formidable Communist neighbors. Paradoxically, the menace from North Korea and Viet Nam has galvanizing, stabilizing effects on the governments of South Korean President Park and Thai Prime Minister Kriangsak Chamanand. The Philippines, by contrast, is an island nation. Many Filipinos feel isolated from foreign enemies and therefore freer to nurture grievances against their own government—and against the U.S. for its support of that government.

Third, it is wiser to support a regime in a country that has a system of succession assuring a measure of continuity than in a nation that does not. It is important to distinguish between institutionalized authoritarianism and autocracy. The latter by definition loses stability in the absence of the autocrat. If Park or Kriangsak died or was driven from office, either would probably be replaced by yet another one of the generals from whose ranks both leaders came. The Philippines, however, has no credible mechanism to assure an orderly succession. Marcos' one-man rule recalls Louis XIV's declaration, "*L'état c'est moi*," and the warning sometimes attributed to Louis XV, "*Après moi le déluge*."

Finally, the U.S. should be acutely sensitive to fundamental and widespread changes in the nature of internal opposition to right-wing rulers, particularly radicalization, growing resentment of the U.S., and an increased willingness on the part of democratic moderates to make common cause with leftist extremists. Where that happens, as it is happening now in the Philippines, the U.S. would do well to step up regular diplomatic communication with the moderates and thus help strengthen them.

The U.S. does have some influence through trade, investment and economic and military assistance. Yet its options for direct, decisive action are extremely limited, even once Washington has singled out those dictators who are heading for disaster. Arm's-length treatment can help limit the damage to U.S. interests if and when the downfall comes. But strong-arm intervention runs the risk of hastening, perhaps worsening a crisis. Dealing with a dictator means avoiding the appearance of propping him up. It does not mean actively working to bring him down, as many of his own domestic political opponents would like the U.S. to do. They might well learn the lesson that Americans have been taught so painfully in Iran and Nicaragua: whether such regimes survive or fall depends ultimately on their own subjects, not on some act of will by the U.S.

—Strobe Talbott



South Viet Nam's Diem



Chile's Pinochet



South Korea's Park



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# Behavior

## The Return of Arthur Jensen

His new study promises another battle over race and IQ

**W**hich is the smartest race on earth? Many nominate the Jews, whose intellectual achievements are out of proportion to their small numbers. C.P. Snow thinks the Japanese may be even brighter. Such musings are best muttered at late night bull sessions. In public, ranking races by intelligence is apt to smack of simple racism.

A decade ago, Arthur Jensen discovered that fact the hard way. Jensen, then a little-known professor of educational psychology at the University of California at Berkeley, created a furor and became a target of abuse by publishing an article in the *Harvard Educational Review*. Its claim: based on IQ tests, whites may be naturally smarter than blacks. Now, battered but unbowed, Jensen, 56, is returning to the fray. In a book to be published in December, he concludes that the IQ tests showing blacks scoring lower than whites are fair, accurate and not—as critics suppose—skewed by culture.

Jensen's original argument was based on a disquieting set of facts: during two generations of IQ testing, blacks have consistently scored 15 points lower than whites, and no one has yet designed a reputable test on which blacks do as well as whites. He estimated that a quarter of the IQ gap was due to environmental and cultural differences, the rest to genetics. Liberal academics and blacks denounced Jensen as a racist. Margaret Mead and others staged an unsuccessful fight to strip the professor of his status as a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In the uproar over the Jensenist heresy, one black psychologist angrily called IQ testing "a multimillion-dollar supermarket of oppression," and the National Education Association urged a moratorium on all IQ tests of the young.

This time Jensen is armed with a massive technical analysis that he considers the last word on racial testing. Titled *Biases in Mental Testing* (The Free Press), the book is not concerned with genetics or the causes of the black-white IQ gap, but only with the merits and validity of the actual tests.

Among Jensen's conclusions

► The argument that whites do better than blacks because they have larger vo-

cabularies is wrong. In fact, blacks do slightly better on verbal tests than on non-verbal ones.

► IQ tests, both verbal and nonverbal, are not expressions of "white culture" that penalize blacks. Surprisingly, blacks do better on "culture-loaded" tests than on "culture-fair" tests that are carefully constructed to root out references more fa-

and Jensen insists that his analysis shows no sign that the tests are missing anything important. The graph curve that shows the number of blacks who have achieved each score in the IQ range is the same shape as the curve showing white achievement—except that it is displaced lower on the scale. And the ranking of test items in order of difficulty for blacks, he says, is exactly the same as the ranking for whites. "This means the items are working the same way, measuring the same things," says Jensen. It also strongly suggests, he thinks, that blacks and whites comprehend the world in much the same way, despite arguments that "black culture" is so different from "white culture" that separate tests should be constructed.

Cross-cultural testing can show widely different patterns in answering IQ questions, but no such differences show up between black and white children in the U.S., according to Jensen. Says he: "There is no way to discriminate or distinguish between the average ten-year-old black and the average 8½-year-old white. The tests look the same, but the black child has a lower mental age. It looks more like a developmental lag than a cultural difference."

**T**hose who belittle the tests because whites do them better than blacks, Jensen says, are evading the issue that all attempts to make the tests fairer have failed to raise blacks' scores. His conclusion: "None of these attempts to create highly culture-reduced tests has succeeded in eliminating, or even appreciably reducing, the mean differences between certain subpopulations—races and social classes—in the United States."

Jensen's findings clearly have horrendous implications. Indeed, they come close to saying that blacks are a natural and permanent underclass—an idea so shocking that it book is likely to spark the most explosive debate yet over race and IQ. While his critics will not have their shots until his book is published, their job, according to Jensen, is simple enough: disprove the evidence or learn to live with it. But he is confident that his evidence will stand. "I think I have shown that the black-white differences are real, not artifacts of the test system," he says.

Jensen says he might be willing to oppose IQ testing in elementary schools, because such tests seem pointless, except to scan for the occasional bright underachiever who needs special help. Later on, he says, testing is essential to assure fairness in competition for college and good jobs. "It's better to rely on a test than on the whims of an interviewer or employer. The tests are color blind, and that should be reassuring."



Jensen explaining his views on IQ tests

Disprove the evidence or learn to live with it.

to middle-class whites than to blacks

► The idea that culture-fair tests framed by whites will inevitably favor whites is also wrong. In a Japanese language version of the U.S.-conceived Wechsler Intelligence Scale for Children, Japanese youngsters outscored American whites by an average of six points.

► The major tests used by schools, employers and the armed forces are very accurate in predicting future success or failure for native-born English-speaking Americans.

► When white and black children of equal socioeconomic status are tested, whites score an average of twelve IQ points higher than blacks.

The race and sex of the examiners who conduct tests seem to have little or no bearing on the lower scores of blacks.

Black psychologists have constructed a number of tests that depend on a knowledge of ghetto slang. One of them, apparently a spoof, is called the Black Intelligence Test of Cultural Homogeneity (B.I.T.C.H.). It has an inevitable offshoot, the S.O.B. test.



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# Education

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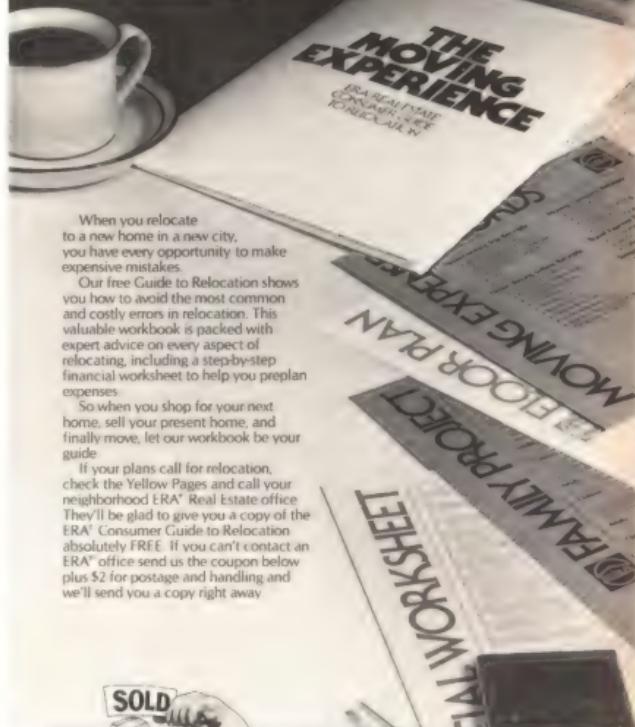
*Math skills are down again*

**A** fourth of the nation's 17-year-old students cannot multiply 671 by 402 and get the right answer: 269,742. And the same multiplication problem baffles one-third of all 13-year-olds. Of course, young Americans may prosper without ever solving that particular problem, provided they never have to print up enough tickets to admit 671 people to exactly 402 rock concerts. But the problem makes a point for the National Assessment of Educational Progress, a nonprofit organization, which included it, along with hundreds of others, in the latest N.A.E.P. survey of the nation's math skills, released last week. The point: as measured by tests given to a sampling of 71,000 U.S. students, math competence has declined in the past five years. The decline is notable among older pupils: scores of 17-year-olds dropped by 4%, 13-year-olds by 2%, and nine-year-olds by about 1%.

**T**he test measured knowledge of math concepts, computing skills and the ability to think through problems. The assessment showed that the students have most difficulty with the reading and reasoning involved in word problems. About 60% of the teen-agers knew that the area of a rectangle equals its length times its width, and that the sides of a square are equal. But less than half of them could reckon the area of a square when the length of only one side was labeled. Two-thirds of the 13-year-olds could calculate the "distance around" a pictured rectangle with two dimensions given; only a third could determine how much fencing was needed to go around a rectangular garden not pictured, but with the same two dimensions given. An N.A.E.P. advisory panel of educators tentatively blamed textbooks and oversimplified "back to basics" programs for the poor results in the "higher order of cognitive skills," though most problems seemed basic indeed.

There was some good news. Since 1973 there has been a narrowing of the performance gap between younger black children and the national average—from 15 to only ten percentage points behind for nine-year-olds, and from 21% to 18% for 13-year-olds. Gains were reported for students in economically depressed areas. But 17-year-olds—both black and poor—remain as far behind as they were five years ago. Among questions that helped detect such differences: "The floor of a rectangular room has an area of 96 sq. ft. Its width is 8 ft. How long is the room?" The correct answer (12 ft.) was given by 82% of the 17-year-olds from solidly middle-class urban areas but only 29% of the poor teen-agers got it right. ■

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# Press

## He Made Things Happen

Roy Larsen, 1899-1979

**A** year out of Harvard and bored with his job in the credit department of the New York Trust Co., Roy Larsen heard that two Yalermen, Briton Hadden and Henry Luce, were about to launch a new weekly magazine. A friend in publishing encouraged Larsen to apply for a job, but warned that Luce and Hadden were "awfully strong-minded fellows. Can you take it? They had another fellow who couldn't."

Larsen signed on as circulation manager of the Luce-Hadden brainchild:

ured president of Time Inc. (1939 to 1960). With the exceptions only of Luce and Hadden, Roy Edward Larsen, who died last week at 80, was the person most responsible for the destiny of Time Inc.

Larsen was a gracious, inquisitive and gentle man who accommodated himself to Luce's abrupt and sometimes difficult style. Said Time Inc. Chairman Andrew Heiskell: "Roy fitted himself to Luce's personality and complemented it totally."

Larsen was an enthusiast, with a superb improvisational talent, what he

wanted any changes, he said. "Say anything you want to about me except that I asked a good writer to change a good book."

In the beginning, one of Larsen's tasks for TIME involved coaxing \$5 subscription fees from readers who had taken the first three issues as a no-money-down free trial. "I burned the midnight oil writing letters cajoling them into paying," Larsen remembered. The experience helped him to become a genius of the new genre of direct-mail magazine solicitation.

By 1929 TIME's circulation had climbed to 250,000, and Larsen and Luce were deep in preparation for another magazine, FORTUNE. They decided to proceed with the new venture, an expensive monthly devoted to business, even



With Luce in the late '30s; at work in 1961; accepting Oscar for *The March of Time* from Shirley Temple in 1937

He was an enthusiast, gracious and inquisitive, with an improvisational talent and what he called "the amateur spirit."

"TIME, The Weekly News-Magazine." His salary was \$40 a week. On the first day of publication in February 1923, Larsen wrote with euphoria and some apprehension to his father: "I am really afraid to go on record as saying TIME has arrived, but the newsboys swear it has and it's their bread and butter." Larsen hired three debutante friends to help him mail the first issues; with amiable incompetence they sent three copies of the magazine to some subscribers and none to many others. For a time there was no desk space for Larsen in the magazine's Manhattan office, so he worked out of the library of the Harvard Club.

But Larsen eventually found a congenial home at TIME Inc. He stayed for 56 years, until his retirement last spring as vice chairman. After Briton Hadden died of a blood infection in 1929, Larsen became Luce's right hand in all matters of business. He was LIFE's first publisher, the godfather of the radio and film *March of Time* series and the longest ten-

called "the amateur spirit." He defined it as the "sense of wonder, adventure and fun" that animated TIME from the start. He was endlessly accessible—"the unphobic man I ever met," recalls PEOPLE Magazine Publisher Richard Durrell. He liked and admired those who came to work for TIME; he treated them to an abundance of his intelligent attention and personal warmth. He was also an exceptionally alert recruiter of new talent. Remembers Heiskell: "He was terribly proud of bringing up people, making them into something." Among his discoveries were James Agee, who became TIME's film critic, and Sloan Wilson, who worked as Larsen's assistant and modeled his best-selling 1935 novel, *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, partly on his boss Say Wilson. "Roy had energy, courtesy, self-discipline. When most people were running on twelve volts, he was running on 440 volts. Asking him for a raise was like stabbing a billiard ball, but he had class. When I showed him my novel and asked if he

after the Crash. In a 1929 communiqué, they declared: "We will go ahead and publish, but we shall be realistic. We shall recognize that this slump may last as long as one year."

If the magazines were primarily Luce's province, *The March of Time* belonged to Larsen. In 1928 he produced a series of radio spots distilling news items from the current issue of TIME. The idea developed into *The March of Time*, an amalgam of journalism and showmanship that lasted until 1951. The program was first broadcast nationwide on CBS radio and then converted to film by Larsen in collaboration with Louis de Rochemont of Fox Movietone News (it won two Oscars in its 16 years).

With the birth of LIFE in 1936, Larsen returned to magazines. For ten years he presided over the picture weekly's extraordinary success. In 1938, when the magazine published explicit photographs of childbirth, Larsen went to the office of a Bronx assistant district attorney and

ceremoniously sold a copy to a detective; the D.A. charged Larsen with selling an obscene publication. The incident brought national publicity to LIFE and a test case involving the First Amendment's free-press guarantee. Larsen was acquitted.

The years of Larsen's presidency at Time Inc. were marked by steady growth. Among other projects, he guided the launching of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1954. Larsen and Luce once thought of making 45 the mandatory retirement age at the firm, but settled on the customary 65. Larsen became the only executive to be exempt from that rule (Luce retired from active management upon turning 66, three years before his death in 1967). In later years Larsen became a source of thoughtful counsel and new ideas. He kept himself avidly well informed. Says TIME-LIFE Films President Bruce Paisner: "His mind didn't have a lot of preconceptions in it."

The son of a newspaperman, Larsen was born in Boston in 1899. He attended public schools there and went on to tax-supported Boston Latin School. The experience gave him a lifelong interest in public education and, he once said, "a sense of gratitude for what the American public school system did for me... [it] translated into reality the American ideal of equality and opportunity." In addition to his duties at TIME, he organized the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools to arouse local interest in school reform. His connection to Harvard was always close and active. He served two terms on the university's board of overseers. In 1965 Harvard honored him by naming a new Graduate School of Education building after him. "Roy Larsen has to be ranked among the greatest friends of American education," the school's dean, Paul Ylvisaker, said last spring.

Larsen's other civic passion was conservation. He donated 162 acres near his house in Fairfield, Conn., to the Audubon Society for a bird sanctuary, which the society named for him and his wife Margaret. He served on the board of the Nature Conservancy, which acquires and manages wild lands throughout the U.S., and he organized the Nantucket Conservation Foundation, a group that solicits donations of open land on Nantucket Island to keep it out of the hands of developers. The organization is a typical Larsen success. It now controls 17% of the island—and through the acquisition of productive cranberry bogs, it even turned a profit last year.

Ultimately, says former Time Inc. President and Publisher James A. Lnen, "Roy Larsen realized the world was made up of people, not things. He was soft-spoken, charming and underneath a man of great moral and intellectual courage and conviction." Henry Luce's sister, Elisabeth Moore, added a valedictory assessment: "Harry was the genius, but Roy was the one who could make things happen."

## Science

### Looking for Signs of Life

*Clues are found in rocks, a meteorite and space*

**H**ow—and when—did life begin? Cyril Ponnamperuma, 55, a Ceylon-born geochemist at the University of Maryland, has been seeking answers to this question for much of his career. He has created precursors of life in laboratory simulations of the earth's primitive atmosphere and while with NASA in 1970, identified amino acids (the building blocks of protein) in the Murchison meteorite, which had fallen in Australia a year earlier. Last week, at a meeting of the American Chemical Society in Washington, Ponnamperuma presented three new pieces of evidence that the processes leading to the formation of life can take place in diverse and inhospitable environments:

► Analyzing material from two meteorites found in Antarctica, where they had been frozen in ice for 200,000 years, Ponnamperuma and his colleagues discovered many amino acids, about half of them different from any that are found in living organisms. Two facts convinced him that the acids are, in his words, "extraterrestrial and pre-biotic": 1) Unlike the Murchison meteorite, which had been contaminated by earthly organic matter after it fell, the Antarctic meteorites were pristine, containing only the amino acids they brought to the earth from space. 2) When polarized light was passed through solutions of water and some of the amino acids, it was deflected to the right. "In all the 20 amino acids we know of on earth," says Ponnamperuma, "the polarized light turns to the left." But, he adds, "In all the pre-biotic experiments conducted in our laboratory, we got both lefthanded and righthanded amino acids." His conclusion: the amino acids are not due to terrestrial contamination, but to pre-life forms that evolved somewhere in space.

► Examining 3.8 billion-year-old rocks found in Greenland's Isua (Eskimo for "the farthest we can go") region, Ponnamperuma and other scientists found evidence of compounds called hydrocarbons, which are of major importance in organic chemistry. To discover whether these hydrocarbons had a biological origin, scientists analyzed the ratio of two isotopes, or forms, of carbon. They found that the amount of carbon 12, the isotope most utilized in biological processes, was high in relation



Ponnamperuma with 3.8 billion-year-old rock  
"Extraterrestrial and pre-biotic."



Jupiter: Is life possible there?

to carbon 13. This indicates that the hydrocarbons were produced by photosynthesis, the process by which plants convert carbon dioxide into organic compounds and oxygen. Ponnamperuma's find shows that life was present on earth 3.8 billion years ago, when the planet was only 800 million years old. The oldest previously known terrestrial life dated back 3.4 billion years.

► In an attempt to determine whether organic molecules can form on other planets, scientists at Ponnamperuma's Laboratory of Chemical Evolution filled a container with gases like those in the atmosphere of Jupiter. Then, to simulate sunlight and Jovian lightning flashes, they exposed the gases to ultraviolet light and shot electric discharges through them. The

brown and yellow hues of the organic compounds that formed in the container closely resemble those in the spectacular pictures of the Jupiter clouds taken by the Voyager 1 and 2 spacecraft, which flew by the planet earlier this year. This finding strongly suggests that organic compounds also exist on Jupiter.



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*A Personification of Fame*, by Bernardo Strozzi (circa 1635)



*St. Sebastian attended by St. Irene*, by Niccolò Renieri (circa 1650)

## Art

### After Titian, Venice Observed

*A new show in London is full of 17th century surprises*

**S**ome moments in art history used to seem beyond resuscitation. Seventeenth century Venetian painting was one of them. Nobody bothered about it. It was an orphan, huddled between the father figures of the Venetian *cinquecento*—Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto—and the effervescent grandeur of the Tiepolos in the 18th century. Even today, when scholarship and the art market have opened every mass grave in search of something to write about and sell, the names of painters like Damiano Mazza or Alessandro Turchi do not make the pulse race.

But nothing is unrevivable—as an exhibition of 54 paintings from 17th century Venice which opened two weeks ago at London's National Gallery abundantly shows. Organized by Art Historian Horace Potterton, and composed of paintings from British and Irish collections, it is the first show ever given to this subject in England. It makes a distinct contribution to art scholarship—and, in an alternately dry and overripe way, provides real visual pleasure as well.

By the 1600s, Venice, once the amazement of the world and the ruler of a considerable part of it, was starting the long decline into the salty tourist trap the city is today. For almost 200 years, starting with the capture of Constantinople in 1453, the Turks had been snapping off the Venetian colonies in the eastern Mediterranean. Portuguese caravels, rounding the tip of Africa in increasing numbers, had taken away Venice's old monopoly of the spice trade. Venice was turning from an imperial power into a cultural artifact. As such, she was one of the most visited cities of Europe. For an artist, a trip to see the Bellinis and Titians was an

obligatory part of his education—as necessary, if he wanted to paint murals in the grand manner, as studying the classical ruins of Rome. Painters flocked to Venice from north of the Alps as well as from other centers in Italy, and this gave an eclectic tone to Venetian art. With no dominant brush to impose its presence, as Titian's had, almost anything went—remnants of international mannerism, Venetian color, quotations from Roman or Flemish Baroque, borrowings from the new realism of Caravaggio and his great Spanish follower, Ribera. The city was visited by geniuses, like the young Rubens, but its art colony consisted mainly of third-rate painters turning out ragged marsh peasants, holy Virgins with the rolling eyeballs of mad colts, and wardrobe-like, impermeable nudes.

**T**here is a good deal of visual storytelling in the National Gallery's show. One *Palma Giovane* is enough, if the stodgy bodies of his *Mars and Venus* are a fair sample. "A fat red knave," one 17th century Englishman called this Mars; and he was right. But there are some pleasant surprises. Judging from his labored little religious paintings, Domenico Fetti—a migrant from Rome, who died young in Venice in 1623—does not seem capable of anything as vivid as his portrait of the Mantuan prelate Vincenzo Avogadro, with its knobby, tense hands and burning Van Gogh eyes. Nor are there many more graceful responses to Caravaggio in 17th century Italian painting than the *St. Sebastian* by Nicolas Regnier, or Niccolò Renieri as he called himself in Venice, being in fact a Fleming. There are plenty of Caravaggesque notes: the dark shad-

ows and sonorous reds, the harshly realistic bruise around the arrow puncture in the saint's leg, the general sense of fusion between eroticism and death. But they are veiled by a kind of salon elegance. In Caravaggio, dead bodies are really dead, whereas Renieri's youthful Sebastian is stretched out in a mildly titillating swoon, without a mortal wound visible anywhere on his body.

The best part of the show is a group of paintings by Bernardo Strozzi, a much neglected major painter. Strozzi was a Capuchin friar from Genoa who seems to have wandered out of holy orders after his 50th birthday. He settled in Venice around 1630. His work stands out first and most obviously for its color. The blues and yellows of Strozzi's *Personification of Fame* have a rinsed brilliance that foreshadows Tiepolo. (The allegory is more complex than it seems to be: the painting is actually about two different kinds of fame. What would now be called celebrity is represented by the gilded trumpet, which is too short to make anything better than a loud squawk. The object in Fame's right hand is a tenor shawm, a more melodic instrument signifying proper reputation.) Strozzi had looked attentively at Rubens, and extracted from his work a fine sense of how to suggest different substances with their "equivalents" in paint. With an effortless rhetoric of the hand, the lathering scribbles of his brush summon up the richness of brocade, the slippery quality of light on silk, or the dense glow of flesh. Strozzi could also work at a deeper and more troubled level, as his best-known painting, the *Concert*, shows. The nervous hands and concentrated looks of the very unaristocratic musicians tuning their instruments become a metaphor for all disciplined work by artists, including Strozzi's own. Such a painting is, in its own right, a justification for this show.

—Robert Hughes



Before *La Gioconda*, Pavarotti limbers a voice that is "one of those freaks of nature that come rarely in 100 years"

## Music

COVER STORY

# Opera's Golden Tenor

*Luciano Pavarotti tops the scales in brilliance, bulk and brio*

*Don't you know that the tenor is a being apart . . . ? He is not a denizen of this world, he is a world in himself.*

—Hector Berlioz

It was 1969. At the San Francisco Opera an Italian tenor named Luciano Pavarotti was singing the role of Rodolfo in *La Bohème*. Suddenly, midway through the third act, the entire theater seemed to rumble and shudder. Chandeliers began swaying. Members of the audience stood up in confusion: some bolted for the exits. "What is happening?" Pavarotti hissed to the prompter between phrases. "Terremoto—earthquake!" the prompter breathed back. Pavarotti gripped the hand of his *Mimi*. Soprano Dorothy Kirsten, a little more tightly, but kept on singing at full voice and never missed a beat. The earthquake drew to a peaceful conclusion and so did the performance.

Last week Pavarotti was back at the

San Francisco Opera, starring in the season's opening production, Amilcare Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*. Once more there was drama and tumult. Profound tremors again swept through the house. But the intervening decade had made an enormous difference. This time Pavarotti himself was the earthquake.

No other tenor in modern times has hit the opera world with such seismic force. At 6 ft. and nearly 300 lbs., "Big P." as Soprano Joan Sutherland calls him, is more than life-size, as is everything about him—his clarion high Cs, his fees of \$8,000 per night for an opera and \$20,000 for a recital, his Rabelaisian zest for food and fun. "He is not *primo tenore*," says San Francisco Opera General Director Kurt Herbert Adler. "He is *primitissimo tenore*."

Pavarotti is one of those magnetic performers, like Nureyev in dance and Olivier in theater, who not only please the *cognoscenti* but also wow the masses. His

LPs reach well beyond the normal opera market, making him the bestselling classical vocalist on records today. At any given time over the past 18 months, at least four albums featuring him have been on the charts. The man in the street, who may care little about opera, knows Pavarotti as that bearded guy with the boyish grin and the funny accent on the TV commercial for American Express cards. Millions have seen Pavarotti's live performances on public television: the 1978 solo recital from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera, for instance, or this week's *La Gioconda*, which PBS transmitted from San Francisco across the U.S. and by satellite to Britain and Europe.

Little wonder, then, that San Francisco treated Pavarotti as the top attraction in *La Gioconda*, although the tenor role is not exactly the lead. Local hostesses vied for his exuberant presence at their parties. A dealer lent him a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud for his seven-week



After studying a new role, a playful "Big P" relaxes by giving a convincing imitation of a spouting whale

stay. Between socializing and vocalizing, Pavarotti jetted to Los Angeles for one of his periodic jousts with Johnny Carson on the *Tonight* show. When he had free time, he took to the tennis court. A surprisingly graceful Gargantua, he is quick on his feet and gets about as much English on the tennis ball as he does into his conversation. "I gave him the toilet paper," he said of one opponent, meaning that he took him to the cleaner's.

As for *La Gioconda*, it unfolded a Mediterranean saga of a mysterious letter, bitter rivalries and ominous threats. And that was only backstage. Pavarotti, who is conscientious and meticulously punctual when he finally gets down to business, clashed at rehearsal with his costar, soprano Renata Scotto, over her lateness and somebody's fluffs (whether hers or his was part of the dispute). They even stopped in mid-aria to exchange words not found in the libretto. On the day of the gala opening, Scotto received a letter warning that a clique was planning to boo her. It was signed "Enzo Grimaldo," the character played by Pavarotti. Scotto's husband accused Pavarotti of sponsoring the clique and alerted Adler and the San Francisco police. At the first sign of trouble, he vowed, his wife would walk off the stage.

That night the clique never materialized. Neither, in a sense, did Scotto's performance. Possibly unnerved by all the squabbling, she was not at her best vocally or dramatically. Pavarotti came through splendidly. Playing a 17th century



As Tonio in *Daughter of the Regiment*



Made up as Canio for *Pagliacci* album  
*A certain something across the footlights.*

ry nobleman who is enmeshed in a conflict with the Venetian Inquisition, he made bold entrances in full cry. His spacious second-act aria, *Cielo e mar*, which used to serve Caruso well, was traced in long, limpid lines that glowed with emotion. His voice soared out of the big ensembles, seeming to carry the chorus into the air with him. At the curtain, Scotto took a single bow, then retired to her dressing room. Pavarotti came out with the other principals time after time, spreading his stevedore arms in an ardent embracing motion to the audience as they cheered and pelted him with roses.

**H**is dressing room afterward was besieged by well-wishers, including visitors from as far away as his home town of Modena in north-central Italy. Sometimes Pavarotti will make the supreme sacrifice, receiving fans for hours even when he knows the last restaurant in town is closing. In San Francisco, he knew that a giant steak awaited him at the postperformance meal, so he volubly welcomed everyone in sight. Especially the women. A true Italian male, he makes it a point of honor to kiss every female in the same room with him. Cheerful propositions are the staple of his small talk ("Just kidding," he reassures husbands and boyfriends, then adds quickly to the women: "See you later").

After holding court in his dressing room, Pavarotti pressed into the crowded corridor followed by the members of a documentary-film crew, one of whom

## Music



Inspired by his role as the artist in *Tosca*, Pavarotti paints in brilliant color

held a white umbrella aloft to diffuse a floodlight. As the tenor made his progress toward the exit under the effulgent parasol, bestowing more blessings and kisses, breaking into nimble dance steps and mugging for the camera, he looked like a cross between an Oriental potentate and the late Zero Mostel. Before heading off in his Rolls-Royce, he rated his performance that night: "8.5 on a scale of ten, and remember, I never give myself ten."

Others do. The Pavarotti voice inspires some opera buffs to evoke the pre-World War I Golden Age, and others to proclaim a new one. "It's a phenomenal instrument, one of those freaks of nature that come very rarely in a hundred years," says Conductor Richard Bonynge. Clear and penetrating, it has a brilliant, metallic timbre and yet remains warm, with a gorgeous romantic sheen. Pavarotti supports it with a taut, energizing column of air that keeps the tone uniform from top to bottom; his notes have been described as a set of "perfectly matched pearls."

**H**is range is high, encompassing top Bs, Cs and even Ds with an unforced, open-throated quality that Italians call *lasciarsi andare*—letting it pour forth. Many tenors blessed with such an instrument would be content to let it pour forth at top volume, and subtlety be damned. Pavarotti has instinctive taste and musicality, not to mention a keen sense of timing. He shades his phrasing and dynamics in order to bring the composer's lines to life and let them breathe.

To George Cehanovsky, 87, a former baritone at the Metropolitan who has heard most of the great voices of this century, Pavarotti combines the *pastosa* (soft) beauty of Beniamino Gigli with the effortless high notes of Giacomo Lauri-Volpi. Others hear echoes of Jussi

Bjoerling's silvery refinement. Pavarotti himself cites a more recent predecessor as a model: Giuseppe di Stefano, who at his best had a burnished, flowing style.

"But voice alone isn't what ensures a singer's immortality," says Rosa Ponselle, whose own niche in the soprano pantheon seems secure. "There's a certain something that makes its way across the footlights, sometimes even through the electrical circuits in a recording machine. Pavarotti has it." Ponselle believes it is this ineffable communicative power, and not matters of timbre and style, that forges the link between Pavarotti and his forerunners, especially Caruso. Says Ponselle: "Probably the biggest similarity between Pavarotti and Caruso is the way each could envelop an audience, the way each could make every person feel that he or

she was being sung to individually."

With Pavarotti this is a conscious intention. He senses his voice traveling along a separate thread to each member of the audience, and he depends desperately on the response that returns along that thread. "Applause is our oxygen," he says, and the more vociferous, even hysterical, the better. He feels that his voice blossoms before a "hot" audience. When he began giving concerts and recitals, however, the intimacy with the audience and the absence of operatic costumes caused him to lose concentration. Now he sings to an imaginary listener, whom he pictures in the center of the balcony, in order to keep his chin up and throat straight. "It could never be an actual member of the audience," he says. "It would be disastrous if he blew his nose, or yawned, or began to beat time."

Stage presence is one thing, acting another. Pavarotti is often an indifferent actor, though in a broad role like theumpkin in Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment* he can be an effective comedian. His chief asset, especially in romantic roles, is his height, which offsets his distinctly un-dashing waistline. "I never look at how wide they are, but how tall," says Soprano Beverly Sills. "It is a relief to be able to put your head on a tenor's shoulder." What carries Pavarotti through is his patient sincerity and gut-level identification with his characters. "I can see myself as Rodolfo in *Bohème*," he says. "Rodolfo is a figure of genuine emotion. This is the real thing, so real that when Mimi enters I feel I want to take care of this woman."

With his extra measure of Ponselle's "certain something," Pavarotti occupies a unique position among the tenors of today. Plácido Domingo, 38, his nearest rival, has a superbly smooth, rich voice and a wider range of roles—he sings the weighty *Otello* as well as bel canto parts



On vacation in Pesaro, Italy, a buoyant moment with daughters and wife Adina, at center. Old ties and new investments help maintain his deep attachment to his native region.

—but he sometimes loses impact because of a veiled timbre and somewhat muted personality. Jon Vickers, 52, can match Pavarotti's intensity and puts more serious thought behind his performing, but his is an entirely different kind of voice: rugged, heroic, best suited to dramatic works such as *Otello*, *Les Troyens* and *Peter Grimes*. Nicolai Gedda, an elegant, unfailingly attractive singer, is a supremely versatile stylist, at home in several languages; at 54, however, he is understandably not a powerhouse. Perhaps the challenge ultimately will come from a younger singer like José Carreras, 32, though to date he has shown neither the strength nor the subtlety of Pavarotti.

Any kind of professional singing is a dicey venture, requiring as it does that the performer stake his prosperity, career

and identity on barely more than an inch of exquisitely fragile larynx. But the pressure on tenors is perhaps the most harrowing of all. The reason is that the tenor voice is an unnatural one, especially in the rarefied range above the staff—the four or five notes from G to high C or D. For a male singer to reach such heights while retaining all the power and virility of his lower range—and, preferably, subordinating the sheer physical feat to an artistic purpose—is a rare and exhilarating achievement. This is the heroic madness of the tenor. He girds himself like a gladiator for an awesome exertion. Then, striving upward, he reaches for triumph, knowing that at the same time he is cruelly exposing himself to the most humiliating failure. No performance recovers from a broken high C.

For Pavarotti, reaching a top note brings on a mystical feeling such as a champion high-jumper might experience. "That second when you clear the bar in mid-air you lose consciousness," he says. "It is something physical, animal, beyond control. A moment later you are back on the ground and in full control." The haunting, universal fear that some day he will jump and miss—"that I shall open my mouth and no sound will come out"—gives Pavarotti the whims before every performance. In 1972 he made a transatlantic call to Beverly Sills about their upcoming appearance in *I Puritani*, arguing that their last-act duet, with its punishing high D-flats for tenor, should be transposed downward. Sills assured him he could hit the notes. "Only if you castrate me," he said. Last year, minutes

## Privacy, Pavarotti Style

**L**uciano Pavarotti's annual retreat to his native region is what all vacations should be: a spiritual refreshment. The tenor spends a month with his family in a converted farmhouse overlooking the Adriatic in Pesaro. Here, after eleven hectic months as a public performer, he can be a private man, an Italian papa. After a whirl of cosmopolitan commuting, he can return to his cultural roots.

But even Pavarotti's relaxation has a carnival air. Privacy for him means being surrounded by a mere dozen or so people. The entrance to his property has a closed-circuit TV camera for screening visitors, yet the gate is rarely shut, except at night, because nobody wants to be bothered with all that opening and closing. Musicians like Conductor Claudio Abbado, in-laws, the curator of Pesaro's Rossini Museum, journalists, the local doctor—the guests constantly come and go.

The Metropolitan's Gildo Di Nunzio is on hand to help Pavarotti learn his new role in *La Gioconda*. Beyond the big French doors the sea glistens invitingly, and the opera houses of the world seem far away. Yes, work must be done; but first, perhaps, a spin in the cabin cruiser? A workman arrives to fix the pool; he must be invited in for a glass of wine. The three Pavarotti daughters wander through, or his wife Adua settles in a corner; an interlude of familial chatting and joking is irresistible.

Pavarotti's method of appealing to duty is to whistle a phrase, to show that he is at least thinking about music. Even while cavorting in the pool, Pavarotti whistles. Finally they get to the keyboard for some detailed drilling on the score. But soon a pungent aroma drifts in from the kitchen where Anna, the cook, is at work. "The day is a crescendo reaching its climax at lunch," says Di Nunzio. "Lunch is very important. Luciano will be singing a phrase, and abruptly he gets up, still singing, and walks away. Luciano and the phrase disappear into the kitchen." If Di Nunzio paces restlessly past the kitchen door, Pavarotti looks up smilingly from a steaming saucepan—and whistles.

Later, on the terrace near a stone fountain he designed himself, Pavarotti presides boisterously over a table that rarely has fewer than 14 or 16 guests around it. Over

plates of polenta (cornmeal porridge), sausage and pork in a thick gravy, washed down with Lambrusco, the talk moves from local politics to musical gossip: the burglary of Herbert von Karajan's Saint-Tropez villa, or the scheduling problems caused by the love affair of two internationally known singers.

In the afternoon, Pavarotti attacks his easel. Three years ago, a fan in Chicago gave him a set of oil paints after seeing him portray the artist Mario Cavaradossi in *Tosca*. He taught himself to paint large, naive landscapes in blazing colors, most of them based on postcard photos of places he has never seen.

A young Italian soprano arrives from Udine with her American husband to audition for Pavarotti. After an aria and a few exercises, he says he cannot evaluate her voice because her notes are produced from the chest without proper support. "A baby crying is a perfect demonstration of correct vocal technique," he tells her. "The baby chooses a note that is comfortable and can cry all night without tiring or getting a sore throat. Why? Because it produces the sound in the natural way, by pushing it up from the diaphragm."

Occasionally Pavarotti will gather a few guests into his gray Mercedes for the two-hour drive to Modena. There, in the cobbled square in front of the city's handsome Romanesque cathedral, he is greeted familiarly as "Luciano" by seemingly hundreds of old friends and schoolmates, and as "Signor Tenore" by everyone else. His father, 65, still sings in the church choir and local chorus—and now enjoys the status of a recording artist, thanks to a few small roles on Pavarotti's albums. Both parents will join the Pavarotti ménage soon. Luciano plans to settle everybody in a newly purchased 17th century mansion, which has a poplar-lined avenue leading into its twelve acres.

As his summer idyl comes to an end, Pavarotti faces up to two realities. There is a new season to be taken on, and new poundage to be taken off. He undergoes his customary blood test, takes his own blood pressure and pronounces himself fit but "rather overweight." Then he flies off to London for recording sessions, leaving his family to readjust after a period of revolving solely around him. He calls Adua later to see how things are going. "Wonderful," she sighs wearily. "The girls and I are about to start our vacation."



The day is a crescendo that climaxes at lunch

## Music

before Pavarotti's TV recital. Metropolitan Assistant Conductor Gildo Di Nuzio found him slumped in his dressing room "seeming so alone and terrified. He didn't think he could do it, he wished he could cancel. I wouldn't have been in those shoes for anything."

Who can blame tenors for trying to ward off their demons with all the vanities for which they are so notorious—the fads, phobias, neuroses, magic charms and eccentric sexual regimens? (Dressing-room lore abounds with theories on whether singers should eschew sex before a performance and, if so, for how long. Most tenors seem to feel that two or three days of abstinence builds their strength. Several leading men in the 1940s, the story goes, were sabotaged by a shapely U.S. soprano who seduced them just before the curtain.) The only supernatural aid Pavarotti enlists to get himself onstage is a bent nail in his pocket, a traditional talisman of Italian singers. Fans, aware of this quirk, send him nails by the dozens, sometimes silver or gold, dangling from chains or fashioned into pins. But Pavarotti will use only an authentic nail from the scenery backstage.

**T**ensions and insecurities may have something to do with Pavarotti's gourmandizing too, quite beyond his sensual gusto and need to replenish himself. After a hard evening onstage, he has been known to put away a lobster dinner followed by a steak dinner and an entire basket of rolls, and then to dive for leftovers on his companion's plate. Lambrusco, the slightly fizzy red wine of his native region, does not travel well, according to his palate. When on tour, Pavarotti orders bottles of Mouton-Cadet 1975, say, mixes them with bottles of Perrier water and—*eccolo*—instant Lambrusco. Wherever he goes he has access to an expert chef himself. At major stopovers he likes to take a hotel suite-cum-kitchen, install a big round table and recruit a passel of local friends to sample his creations like Spaghetti Pavarotti. (Recipe for his sauce: half a tube of Italian tomato paste dissolved in olive oil, then mixed with grated Parmesan cheese and finely chopped parsley and garlic.)

Nobody knows Pavarotti's precise poundage. He keeps his own scales and his own counsel. When asked how much he weighs, he replies: "Less than before." How much did he weigh before? "More than now." Hence reports of his fluctuations spread through the opera world like a runaway Dow Jones average: up 25, down 80, up 60. But he realizes that if he remains too heavy he could undermine his robust health. Which is why he periodically submits to the dread ordeal of a diet. He is currently forbidden to drink wine, and his most opulent meal is zucchini, rice and 250 grams (about half a pound) of meat or fish cooked with a few drops of oil. More tragic than any scene he plays onstage is the sight of a dieting

pensate with strictness when he is there.

His attachment to north-central Italy is deep. On his sacrosanct summer holiday, he invariably returns to his vacation house in Pesaro, 150 km from Modena (see box). He cherishes a sense of himself as a sound, simple man of the region: he keeps up ties with relatives and friends there, and he concentrated investments from his considerable income (probably close to \$1 million a year) in the area. Among his holdings: a record store in Bologna and an office building near Modena.

It was in Modena (pop. 180,000), an industrial city noted for its hard-working, stubborn citizenry, its good food and its dedication to opera, that Pavarotti was born nearly 44 years ago. He remembers himself as a lively, gossipy scamp, always in trouble. At school his energies went into sports; soccer became a passion. At home he chimed in with the likes of Gigli, Tito Schipa, Boeroing and Di Stefano on the records collected by his father, a baker and gifted amateur tenor. He recalls: "In my teens I used to go to Mario Lanza movies and then come home and imitate him in front of the mirror."

By that time he had joined his father in the church choir and a local opera chorus, and had begun performing impromptu serenades on summer evenings outside the family's apartment house, accompanying himself on the guitar. But music still seemed no more than an avocation. At 18, he enrolled in a teacher-training course. Two years later, just as he was settling into the routine of instructing eight-year-olds in public school, music began to look like a vocation after all. He and his father accompanied the local chorus to an international music festival in Llangollen, Wales, where—to their delirious amazement—they won first prize. Encouraged by Adua, whom he had met and become engaged to during teacher training, Luciano decided to give singing a try. (Another Modena youngster, a childhood friend of



At 16, a mere shadow of his future self

Pavarotti at a dinner party, surrounded by gorging guests as he disconsolately sips soda water or diet cola.

Such moments of depression are rare, but they are an occupational hazard. Feasting or dieting, fussed over or not, a barnstorming opera singer spends long hours of isolation in hotels, studying, resting (Pavarotti sleeps ten to twelve hours before a performance) or simply killing time. Pavarotti's wife Adua joins him on tour for a few weeks each year, and friends consider her spirited, sensible ministrations a tremendous boost for him. Says one of them: "At least she doesn't stand in the wings with holy water like the wives of some Italian tenors." But Pavarotti manages only a handful of flying visits home to Modena. He misses family life. He is perplexed by his remoteness from his fast growing daughters—Lorenza, 17, Christina, 15, and Giuliana, 12—and he tends to worry about them and to com-



Visiting with his parents in front of the house where he was born in Modena. A duet with discs, a serenade to neighbors and an imitation of Mario Lanza for the mirror.

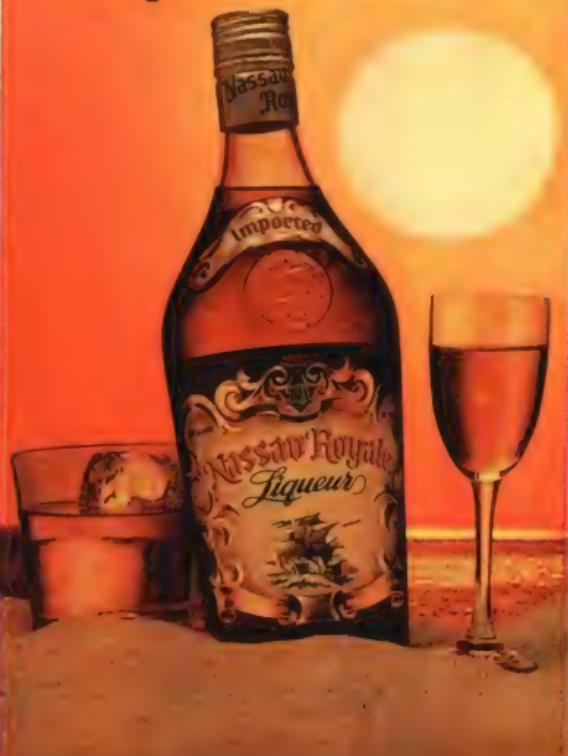


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## Music

Pavarotti's had already made the same decision: Soprano Mirella Freni.)

Deciding that "teaching was too hard on my vocal cords," he took a job selling insurance, then set about painstakingly acquiring a vocal technique from teachers in the area. At 25, having won a vocal competition in nearby Reggio Emilia, he was awarded an engagement in a local production of *La Bohème*. Within the span of three weeks, he married Adua and sang his first Rodolfo. His debut led to other bookings in Italy and, eventually, at minor houses all over Europe. La Scala offered him a job as a house stand-by for all its tenor roles, but he turned it down: "I thought to myself, when I sing at La Scala I want to come in through the principals' entrance."

In 1963, when he was 27, he got a job as stand-by for Giuseppe di Stefano in a Covent Garden production of *La Bohème* and sang several performances. Conductor Richard Bonynge heard him and was "bowled over." Eventually, Pavarotti found himself singing with Bonynge's wife, Joan Sutherland, in a Miami production of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. To Sutherland's skeptical eye, this strapping unknown looked like "a big schoolboy." But to her ear? "Well, it was absolutely phenomenal—the fabulous resonance, the shading, such range, such security." The Bonynge signed him up for a 14-week tour of Australia.

Those 14 weeks were a watershed that gave Pavarotti invaluable experience and exposure. In Sutherland he found a vital influence as well as a partnership that remains one of the most potent in opera. Says he: "I used to listen to her and think, how is it possible that this woman's notes never seem to end? How does she produce this endless chain of sound? I gradually realized it was her breathing." Says Bonynge: "He was always getting hold of Joan around the middle and feeling her muscles. He wanted to figure out how her diaphragm worked. Especially in her placement of high notes, he was able to understand what she did and transfer her way of doing it to himself."

After Australia, Pavarotti was ready for a string of major debuts: La Scala in 1965, San Francisco in 1967, the Metropolitan in 1968. Although his Met engagement, like most of the others, was in his lucky opera, *La Bohème*, he caught Hong Kong flu and had to withdraw halfway through the second performance. It took him three years to overcome that anticlimactic beginning at the house. But when he did, in a production of *The Daughter of the Regiment*

with Sutherland, he set New York on its critical ear with a spectacular series of nine high Cs in a single aria. With no little help from the publicity mills, Pavarotti the supernovus was on his way.

A monumental ego is built into a performing temperament like Pavarotti's—it has to be. Yet his associates agree that he has succumbed to no more than a mild case of "tenoritis." Last month, while recording Rossini's *William Tell* in London, he flared up over the balance between his voice and the orchestra. "Why do I sound as if I'm singing in another room?" he shouted after hearing a playback. When the producer defended the balance, Pavarotti slammed his score shut and stomped out of the studio. But the

rando there and, of course, the San Francisco *La Gioconda*. There are some roles he will sing in the relaxed conditions of the recording studio but not onstage, as in *William Tell*, which he describes as a "scassavocie"—a voice buster. If he does not show to advantage in a new role he may shelf it for a while, as he seems to be doing with Manrico in *Il Trovatore*.

The consensus of his colleagues is that he has paced himself well. Says Eugene Kohn, a former accompanist and coach of Pavarotti's: "There was fear that he would lose the bloom of sound and the top notes. But if the repertoire stays too light, you don't give the voice free rein. I recently heard him in *Luisa Miller* in London, and his voice was fantastically enriched for having sung heavier parts." Pavarotti is preparing the formidable role of Radames in *Aida* for San Francisco in 1981. *Lohengrin* may even be down the road some day. "I continue to take risks," he says. "I could spend the rest of my career singing Rodolfo, but it's not in my nature."

For years Pavarotti has kept up a murderous schedule. He thrives on the love and adulation that pour over the footlights in waves. Doubtless, too, as one colleague observes, "greed is an element in it." But in 1975, the plane in which Pavarotti was returning from the U.S. crashed during its landing at the Milan airport and broke in two. Pavarotti and the rest of the passengers were, as he saw it, miraculously spared.

Whether as a result of the crash or not, Pavarotti seems to have made some kind of peace with mortality.

His friend Terry McEwen, a top executive of London Records and general director-designate of the San Francisco Opera, senses a new maturity and security: "He knows the public loves him for himself, not only for his voice. If he lost his voice tomorrow, they would still love him. He could go on performing, he could be a different kind of star." That is a mind-boggling thought for the operatic mind. Could Pavarotti's ultimate destiny be to replace Johnny Carson?

The question need not be faced for years. Says Joan Ingpen, artistic administration director of the Metropolitan: "I will bet that he will still be singing in his 50s and 60s." And, she might add, still kissing girls and eating pasta and giving tennis opponents the toilet paper. He may not shift out of high gear, but he obviously intends to go for distance. "A voice gives you a certain mileage, like a car," says San Francisco's Adler. "If you are a good driver, it can go for 100,000 miles. Clearly, Pavarotti is a good driver."



**Primissimo Tenore** takes a bow at outdoor concert in San Francisco  
A new security as he goes for distance and avoids the voice busters.

next day he was back to try again. "Luciano is not temperamental," says one recording executive. "But he has a tendency to push things to see what he can gain. If he fails, he will back down."

Vocally, Pavarotti in recent years has skillfully negotiated the most treacherous shoals that face a tenor. Early in his career he was a classic tenore lirico, ideally suited to lighter lyric roles like Rodolfo, and florid bel canto roles like Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. With age, however, a tenor's voice takes on a heavier tone and darker coloration. By the time he is in his 40s, a tenore lirico is usually ready for roles in the intermediate spinto (pushed) range, like Cavaradossi in *Tosca*, and maybe even in the forceful, baritonal tenore drammatico category, like the title role of *Otello*. But he must use extreme care, lest he damage the muscles of his vocal mechanism. Many a promising Rodolfo who was too eager to tackle roles beyond his vocal weight is today running a restaurant or sitting at a desk on the fringes of the music business.

Pavarotti has been proceeding judiciously, with a *Masked Ball* here, a *Tu-*

# Danger: Pension Perils Ahead

*Changing demographics, and high inflation, spell trouble for the funds*

**A**pension bomb threatens the U.S. economy. Its fuse may now seem comfortably long, but it is indisputably burning. The toughest issue in the negotiations for a new contract between General Motors and the auto workers was not demands for more pay for the U.A.W.'s 460,000 workers on GM's payroll, but for increased benefits for its fast-growing legion of retired employees. A big reason why policymakers in Washington are agonizing heavily over Chrysler's petition for federal help is the stark fact that if the company were to close down, the nearly \$1 billion in unfunded pension obligations that it would leave behind could exhaust the private-pension rescue fund that the Government maintains. Before long, the combined pressures of inflation and the changing U.S. demographics will force the problem of supporting the retired into the forefront of the nation's social concerns.

The country is approaching the other side of the baby boom. Those first post-war children are now 33—or closer to the still common retirement age of 65 than to birth—and the balance of the economy is shifting rapidly. In the future, far fewer workers will be supporting far more retired people. In 1950 the worker-to-retiree ratio was 7.5 to 1; today it is 5.4 to 1. By 2030, when the baby boomers will be rocking away on the veranda, the ratio will be 3.1 to 1. Under Social Security, payments from current workers back the checks that are sent to former employees. There are now three workers paying into the system for every retired person who is drawing out from it; in about 50 years there will be only two workers for every retiree.

This bleak demographic problem has been compounded by rising prices and the trend toward earlier retirement. Inflation erodes the real worth of the \$280 billion that companies and unions have built up in private pension funds and increases the payout needed to keep the elderly out of poverty. A person who began contributing to a pension fund when he was earning a respectable \$2,000 per year in 1939 may now be receiving \$6,000 a year from that fund and finding it mighty hard to make do. Earlier retirement, meanwhile, is shortening the period during which people contribute to pension funds and stretching out the years during which they receive benefits. A dec-

ade ago, California teachers averaged 28 years in the classroom, but now they are leaving after 21 years. The average Army enlisted man retires at about 40—and then collects a pension for more than 30 years.

Before long, many industries will have to face up to the changing pension demographics that automakers have already encountered. While in 1970 there were seven current auto workers for every retired one, the ratio now is 3 to 1 and will be 2 to 1 by 1990. Masterful union negotiators, going back to legendary President Walter Reuther, have won their employees some of the best pensions in private industry. This year the union fought for another breakthrough that would tie pension benefits to the cost of living, a plus common to public employees but still almost unknown in the private sector. But the pension burden for even the giant automakers is heavy and growing. Total pension expenses for GM were \$1.3 billion last year, up from \$329 million in 1970.

Already, just about every employer

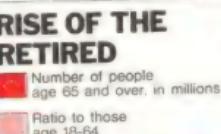
with a pension plan is having to pay soaring retirement costs. At Atlantic Richfield, the eighth largest U.S. oil company, the pension payout jumped from \$60 million in 1976 to \$80 million last year. The pension burden has become heaviest in the older capital-intensive industries such as steel, rubber and farm equipment, often because tough unions have increasingly asked for fringe benefits instead of simple wage hikes. Among other firms carrying particularly weighty pension loads are Uniroyal, Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel and the Budd Co. A great many other firms have not taken care to set sufficient money aside to pay fully for promised benefits. A recent amendment to the Financial Accounting Standards Board rule instructed accountants to include all such costs in company annual reports.

**P**ension fund managers, struggling to keep their pots of money intact, have begun to look beyond the blue chip stocks and bonds in which they have traditionally invested. In June the Government eased the rule limit

ing pension fund investments to only those that a "prudent man" would make. Now pension funds can invest in real estate or gold or even Picassos and Chinese porcelain. Eastern Air Lines pilots have almost 10% of their \$250 million pension fund in Atlanta warehouses, Kansas City shopping centers and Southeastern forests. Such investments seem attractive at a time of rising prices for tangibles of all kinds, but they could also fall quickly in some future speculative collapse.

While the pension problems of private workers are serious, those of public employees can be drastic. Some local governments soon will reap the whirlwind from years of promising elaborate benefits while making insufficient contributions to pension kitties. The General Accounting Office watchdogs reviewed at random

72 state and local government pension plans and found that 53 of them failed to make contributions on the level required by the Federal Government of private corporations. Says Michael Thome, head of the California state teachers retirement system: "Pension costs



have been pushed into the future for somebody else to pay. Now, that day has arrived."

Typical of the many cities or states that face the pension squeeze is Hamtramck, Mich. (pop 26,000), a working-class town of neat clapboard houses skirting Detroit. Payments for retired Hamtramck public employees could be halted next year. Pension promises in the past were so generous while funding was so skimpy that 99% of the town's property tax income now must be funneled directly into the police and fire pension funds to keep them afloat. One former city employee who contributed only \$35 to his retirement plan when he was on the payroll has collected \$280,000 in benefits since he finished working. Says Chester Pierce, Hamtramck's acting director of urban renewal: "Within the next 20 years, pensions will rival energy as the major problem facing the United States."

**N**ervous that years of underfunding by corporate managers and abuse of pension funds by some union bosses may have left millions of workers helpless, Congress in 1974 passed the Employee Retirement Income Security Act, which set up the Pension Benefit Guaranty Corporation to assure the payment of vested pensions. The aim was to prevent situations like the one that arose in 1964 when Studebaker stopped production and workers were left with little or no benefits. Now the pension protector is itself troubled. Twice the Pension Corporation has asked Congress to postpone putting into effect new provisions on multi-employer pension funds for fear that companies or unions would dump their programs and leave the Government to pick up the pieces. The largest net claim for a bankrupt firm to date was \$35 million. In the unlikely event that Chrysler went into total bankruptcy and reneged on its pensions, the federal agency would have to put up perhaps \$780 million. The Pension Corporation, whose assets total around \$250 million, would be forced to ask Congress for additional funds to cover Chrysler's 124,000 workers.

The longer term solution to the pension woes can only be painful to workers and the retired: they will have to pay more, and receive less. As the ratio of retired people to those holding jobs narrows in coming decades, active workers will have to increase their pension contributions. A congressional Joint Committee on Tax study has estimated that individual contributions will nearly double from this year's \$11.3 billion to \$21.9 billion in 1984. Cutting back the growth of pension fund benefits in an era of double-digit inflation will be difficult but inevitable. Without some moderate increase in the burden on current workers combined with some decrease in benefits for current and future retirees, the fate of many pension programs is grimly clear. Says Richard Roeder, a pension analyst in Detroit: "For the Hamtramcks of this country, no one has an ark. The flood will come." ■



Happy U.A.W. President Douglas Fraser In Detroit announcing tentative agreement with GM

## Sealing a No-Strike Settlement

*The price was high, but peace was preserved in autodom*

"**E**xcellent!" beamed Douglas Fraser, the United Auto Workers chief. "A credit to both parties," said a General Motors negotiator. Both were praising a rare peaceful settlement, arrived at in a final flurry of horse trading at GM's imposing stone headquarters in Detroit just 4½ hours before a strike deadline. For the first time in 15 years, the autoworkers had reached a tentative contract agreement without going on a national strike. The three-year pact was concluded with GM but sets the pattern for the industry and covers 780,000 workers.

Some details, including the precise size of the wage increase, were withheld until the settlement could be reviewed by officers of the GM locals, meeting in Detroit this week. A local-by-local ratification vote by all members should be completed within ten days.

With auto sales sagging and 85,900 workers already laid off, the union was in no mood for a walkout. GM, benefiting from the successful introduction of its small, front-wheel-drive cars, was also eager to avoid a shutdown.

Both sides compromised on the major issue of increasing pensions to keep up with inflation. At first the union wanted pension payments tied to rises in the cost of living; the company strongly rejected that because of the potential high cost. In the end, the union accepted the company's counteroffer to make periodic increases to help protect pensioners against rising prices. During the next three years, workers under 62 who retire after 30 years on the job will get \$800 a month to start. Then they will get two in-

creases in the first year and further boosts in the second and third year. At the end of the contract these retired workers could be receiving as much as \$935, or 33.5% more than the present pension level. Pensioners already retired would also get raises, depending on age, length of service and when they left work. A retiree now receiving \$700 a month will receive \$865 by the end of the contract.

Another important union demand was that the company increase the number of paid personal holidays so that more workers would be kept on the job. The company agreed to increase paid days off (not counting vacation) from 12 to 26 during the life of the contract. Pending ratification, neither side would discuss the noneconomic improvements or the size of the increases in the cost-of-living clause and pay rates. One unofficial estimate put the wage increase at between 9% and 12%. At present the combined basic wage rate for all classes of GM workers is \$9 an hour; by the end of the contract period that could well have risen to \$11.50.

The settlement comes at a time when the Administration is working to revise and make more flexible its voluntary wage-price guidelines. They currently limit wage and benefit increases to 7% a year, which is well below the auto settlement. Indeed, there is talk that the wages and benefits achieved in Detroit could become the standard for the new guidelines. If that means approving settlements of close to 12% annually over the next year, the Administration's chances of effectively combatting inflation are dim. ■

## Economy & Business



### Driving for a Rescue Deal

*A recovery plan intended as a bid for aid*

The ailing Chrysler Corp. has been using \$400 rebates and the pitching of Joe Garagiola to whittle down its huge inventory of unsold cars for a month now, but the firm's most important marketing drive is just beginning. Late last week the nation's No. 3 automaker submitted to Treasury Secretary G. William Miller a 27-page recovery plan with 90 pages of exhibits that laid bare inside details on profitability and marketing strategy of a kind that no automaker had ever before revealed. Said one Chrysler official: "We are really taking our pants off on this one."

The plan is intended to prove that Chrysler can be brought back to financial health and is thus eminently deserving of federal aid. The document outlines a five-year strategy. Although President Lee Iacocca had said earlier that Chrysler's third-quarter deficit would be "at least double" the \$207 million that it reported for the second quarter, bringing the cumulative red ink for the year to about \$800 million, the report projected that the total 1979 loss would come to a truly scary \$1.073 billion on revenues of \$12.4 billion. The company expects to lose another \$482 million next year, then move back into the black in 1981, when it projects a profit of \$383 million on sales of \$15.6 billion.

But even with the bank borrowings lined up by Chairman John Riccardo and cost-cutting measures that have already saved \$650 million, Chrysler will still face a cash shortage of \$2.1 billion between

now and 1982. The company has "some confidence," the report says, that it can raise \$900 million, probably through further sales of assets and some breaks on wages, prices, and loans from its unions, suppliers and banks. But the remaining \$1.2 billion will have to come from the Government in the form of an immediate loan guarantee of \$500 million and a \$700 million "contingency" loan guarantee because, the report states, Chrysler could raise only \$700 million itself "under the most favorable circumstances."

Chrysler will remain a full-line auto and truck producer. Among other options it says it rejected was to make only small cars; given its high fixed costs and the low prices it would have to charge, it would lose \$43 for every such car produced in 1982. But the company does plan to reduce the number of basic car lines from five to two to three.

Moreover, by 1985 all Chrysler cars will have front-wheel drive, a space-saving feature that only its fast-selling, American-built Omni and Horizon subcompacts have now. The company's basic goal is to expand its 10.2% share of the U.S. auto market to 12.4% by 1985, mainly by concentrating on small-car sales.

To buttress the pitch for Government aid, the report features a somewhat lurid accounting of what would happen if the company went bankrupt. The total cost to the nation, Chrysler says, would be \$16 billion. Some 400,000 workers could not only lose their jobs, but they could also remain unemployed long enough to require unemployment benefits totaling \$1.5 billion. As many as 35,000 workers, most of whom are black, could be laid off in Detroit alone. Yet these estimates seem exaggerated, because it is highly unlikely that the company would ever shut down totally. At worst some plants would close,



Lee Iacocca



John Riccardo

but many would go right on operating.

The report also suggests that burdened as it is with the high costs of meeting Government regulation and its own indebtedness, Chrysler is not a realistic candidate for merger. As Iacocca protested earlier last week, "Nobody's asked!"

The Treasury Department is expected to prepare a loan-guarantee package. If it seems workable and Capitol Hill is satisfied with the sacrifices outlined, Congress will probably approve it.

### Yankee Go East

*Dollar diplomacy for peace*

**W**hen American companies go in wars and learn to thrive in peace, it's a pretty tough diplomatic act to beat." So said Robert Strauss last week on his third trip to Israel and Egypt since being appointed President Carter's special Middle East envoy last April. This time the shuffling Texan took with him eleven U.S. businessmen. His aim to foster the sort of investment in the area that would help to cement the Camp David agreements with tangible economic benefits for all.

Both countries need more U.S. capital and know-how. Eager to increase exports, the Israelis are interested in joint ventures with U.S. electronic and computer firms. But Egypt is considerably less developed and more populous (41 million vs. Israel's 4 million) and thus offers both a large market and great opportunity. Egypt needs many small-scale investments, in the \$5 million to \$10 million range, just to help produce such basics as food, clothing and shelter.

The members of Strauss's group were warmly welcomed by Egyptian government officials and private entrepreneurs. With advanced irrigation methods at the top of their priority list, the Egyptians applauded a promise by Charles Kuhn, chairman of Wylain Inc., a Dallas manufacturer of submersible pumps, to begin exporting some of his sophisticated gear to replace the ox-drawn pulleys widely used in rural areas. Samuel Miller, vice chairman of Forest City Enterprises Inc., a Cleveland-based homebuilder that makes low-cost housing units, is considering a joint venture with Egyptian Construction Magnate Osman Ahmed Osman to help alleviate Cairo's chronic housing problems. Several American clothing manufacturers are pondering partnerships to provide new equipment for Egypt's tattered textile concerns. Donald Shorr, a vice president of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes, was along last week to look into partnership possibilities to produce shirts and suits for the Egyptian market. Once these projects are under way, Strauss plans to go after larger investments: up to \$100 million in such areas as plate glass, soft drink and shoe factories, auto parts and luxury-hotel construction.

# A Name Acquired, Another Retired

Britons buy Howard Johnson, bury the MG

English companies provided a pair of bittersweet surprises for the U.S. last week, both involving venerable names, one American and one British.

The orange roofs and the Simple Simon weather vanes above them always seemed as American as, well, an 85¢ slice of Howard's apple pie. But now the Boston-based Howard Johnson chain of restaurants and motor lodges is going British, at least in terms of ownership. Chairman Howard B. Johnson, 47, announced last week that an agreement in principle had been reached to sell the chain's 1,040 restaurants and 520 motor lodges to Imperial Group Ltd., a tobacco, food, beer and packaging conglomerate whose famous brands include Players cigarettes and Harp lager. The bundle from Britain will be \$630 million, or about \$28 per share for each of the U.S. firm's approximately 22.5 million shares, just before the announcement the stock was selling at about \$18.

Howard Johnson grew out of a notions and ice cream shop founded with borrowed money in Quincy, Mass., in 1925 by Howard D. Johnson, the present chairman's father, who died seven years ago at 75. The business prospered largely on the



The familiar slanted roof

strength of its butter-rich, multi-flavored ice cream (calorie count: 160 for a round-ed scoop of chocolate chip). Eager to expand but unable to raise much cash during the Depression, Johnson in the early 1930s became a pioneer in the practice of franchising (though today the company owns some 75% of its restaurants). Later the firm plunged into motor lodges, three-quarters of which are franchised.

The restaurants have not tried to match the marketing razzle-dazzle of such newer competitors as McDonald's and Burger King. Also, their prices are as robust as a "Tendersweet Clam Plate" goes for \$4.75 as their food is plain. As one old saw puts it, "Howard Johnson's ice cream comes in 28 flavors and its food in one." In motor lodges the company has fallen behind the quality standards of such major rivals as Holiday Inns and Marriott. Though the company has had record sales and profits for four years run-

ning—1978's earnings were \$33.6 million on revenues of \$555 million—gasoline shortages have slowed the growth markedly this year.

Imperial, which is Britain's sixth largest corporation, with earnings of \$276.5 million on sales of \$7.71 billion in the past fiscal year, first flourished in tobacco and now operates 5,500 pubs and 30 hotels. It has long been seeking a sizable U.S. beachhead. Buying one is relatively painless because the rising pound (it has climbed in value from \$1.70 to \$2.20 in the past two years) has cut the price of U.S. properties. Though Howard Johnson's management will stay on, the firm is expected to be more aggressive in marketing and expanding, notably on the tight little island where Baskin-Robbins already does a licking good business. Says Imperial Chairman Sir John Pike: "I would expect a Howard Johnson's presence in Britain before too long."

**MG** For at least two generations of Americans, it was the saucy, two-seat symbol of unfettered youth, an affordable magical machine for Peter Pans of all ages. Its TC midget model, introduced in the U.S. in 1947, with hip-high fenders, a drop-down windshield and a price tag of roughly \$2,000, launched the postwar era of the open-topped, wind-in-the-hair sports car. Adoring owners formed clubs around it, raced it and tinkered with it incessantly. Fans still pay up to \$17,000 for a model in good condition. But last week Britain's chief automaker, BL (formerly British Leyland), announced that it will soon discontinue the perky little MG.

More than two-thirds of all MGs are bought in the U.S., where the four-cylinder, two-seater \$7,195 MGB model is the current favorite. But sales have been slipping. Production has fallen from 46,619 in 1976 to 41,681 last year. Laments BL Chairman Sir Michael Edwards: "We can't afford to back a loser."

BL, which also makes other well-known cars, including the Jaguar, the Rover and the Triumph, has been stalled by a long history of weak management and skimpy engineering. The firm's strike-prone labor force is a national joke. One wheeze: "Leyland workers don't go to work, they sign the visitors' book." BL has only 20% of the British market.

When the company was nationalized in 1975, the Labor government agreed to



The classic 1948 TC with top down

pump in about \$2 billion by 1980. Sir Michael is expected to ask for still more subsidy, even though the current Conservative government of Margaret Thatcher has vowed not to help industrial "lame ducks."

Britain's union leaders are also in no mood to help. When BL announced that along with scrapping the MG, it will chop 25,000 jobs from its bloated work force of 165,000 and close plants over the next two years, the unions not already on strike immediately began talking about a company-wide walkout. ■

## Mork vs. Barbie

Network No. 1 goes literary

**H**ad it been an episode in an ABC sitcom, the plot summary might have read: Mork from Ork scoops up Jonathan Livingston Seagull from under the nose of Barbie. The American Broadcasting Cos., which built the hottest TV network in the industry with pop hits like *Mork & Mindy*, last week sprang a surprise bid to acquire Macmillan Inc., the old-line publishing conglomerate that brought out Richard Bach's 1970 bestseller about a mythical seagull. In doing so, the big broadcaster (1978 revenues \$1.8 billion) upset merger talks that had been going on between Macmillan and Mattel Inc., the California-based toymaker that grew big on sales of Barbie dolls but which is still less than one-third ABC's size. ABC's offer of \$335 million for a controlling 55% of Macmillan's shares was just \$6 million sweeter than Mattel's bid, but the betting was that it would be accepted.

Macmillan, which had sales of \$554 million last year, would be far by the biggest purchase that the network's aggressive new publishing division has made. In just two years, the division has grabbed up several specialized magazines, including *Los Angeles and Modern Photography*, as well as Chilton Co., which publishes a score of specialty magazines. Manhattan-based Macmillan would broaden ABC's book publishing base considerably. In addition to its trade, text and reference book divisions, it owns the profitable international chain of some 200 Berlitz language schools as well as bookstores, department stores, music and film companies and the Katharine Gibbs secretarial school.

If ABC does get Macmillan, all three U.S. networks will have big stakes in book publishing. But their three-sided literary competition may not last long. CBS, which owns Holt, Rinehart and Winston and the Fawcett and Popular Library paperback houses, seems content with its acquisitions. But in an apparent effort to concentrate on larger operations, RCA, NBC's parent company, is planning to sell off its Random House subsidiary. ■

### Flying Low in New England

An airline whose motto might be "Destination Doubtful"

I rushed to Boston airport to get the 4 p.m. Air New England flight to Martha's Vineyard, a 70-mile, 35-minute trip. But then there was a delay: no equipment. Finally, at about 6 p.m., we got on a plane and joined a long line of other flights waiting to take off. Just as we reached the head of the line, the pilot said he had to refuel. At last, at around 7 p.m., we departed. But later, in mid-course, we veered left toward the Vineyard's neighboring island of Nantucket. Apparently our flight number was switched with that of the flight to Nantucket. So we landed there, stayed on the ground for a while, and then once again headed for the Vineyard. It was really wild.

That tale of travel woe is told by Author Vance Packard, one of the many cultural and corporate heavyweights on the New York-Boston axis who have vacation homes on the Vineyard or Nantucket. What they also have in common is a feeling of strained camaraderie and a fund of furiously exasperating stories about Air New England, which links 14 New England stops with Boston and New York City. Says New York Times Columnist Russell Baker, a Nantucket man: "It's an eerie operation. I resign myself to disaster every time I book with them." CIS Anchorman Walter Cronkite, who has a house on the Vineyard, adds with wry understatement that just about everyone who flies Air New England "has the experience that schedules are not kept very closely."

Once a profitable puddlejumper, Air New England expanded rapidly after it won certification in 1975 from the Civil Aeronautics Board. Perhaps too rapidly. It now struggles to maintain a schedule of 200 flights a day with scant working capital and a modest fleet of 20 prop-jet planes, which include its own 19-seat De Havilland Twin Otters and 48-passenger Fairchild 227s and two leased 50-seat Convair 580s. Seldom are there planes available for back-up use. So even though Air New England is classified in the same category as national carriers like Eastern and United, it continues to operate in much the same manner as the "commuter" airlines. These are what the industry bluntly describes as its "problem" segment: the more than 200 small, often haphazardly managed, short-hop outfits that have mushroomed since the Government began deregulating air travel.

A recent CAB study of Air New England found the company's finances and

cash flow to be "precarious." Founded in 1970 and controlled by Investors Fairleigh Dickinson Jr. and Robert Kanzer, the Boston-based airline carries some 500,000 passengers annually. It operates at a loss for most of the year but gambles on cashing-in during the summer, when traffic triples. Despite federal subsidies of \$3.7 million, it lost \$2 million on revenues of \$21 million in 1978, and does not expect to do much better this year.

The airline has a good safety record, but passengers' beefs range from cavalier

case, say, a New York-to-Nantucket flight must be diverted to Boston. Columnist Baker recalls one too typical experience. Before buying his ticket in New York City, he asked if there would be a problem with fog at Nantucket. As Baker tells it, "The clerk said no, Nantucket was fine, so I went. Of course, it was so fogged in that the pilot couldn't even find the island. We wound up in Boston, where I had to spend the night at a hotel. It seems that the airline just wasn't going to give up those fares."

Air New England's planes may make as many as 18 departures a day. Result: even if the weather is benign and the engines work fine, the routine delays of ten or 15 minutes that occur at each stop can

make a plane one or even two hours late by day's end. Many travelers consider it no small victory if they and their luggage arrive at the same destination at the same time. In some cases, when a plane is fully loaded, the airline may simply keep the bags at the airport and send them out on the next flight. In a lounge at Boston's Logan Airport, a Styrofoam AIR NEW ENGLAND sign bears several dents the size of a man's fist.

Air New England President Charles F. Butler, a former CAB official, ruefully concedes that his customers have had a rough time this year. Says he: "We did a hell of a job on the traveling public this summer. We made a shambles of things." The usual problems were aggravated by squabbles with the unions. In June the pilots staged a slowdown to express their ire over the pace of negotiations for a new contract; more than 500 flights were delayed that month; and 15% were canceled. In July more than 800 out of 6,300 flights were either late or scrubbed because of bad weather and air traffic control delays. Then, in August, the peak month, the mechanics carried out a three-week job action. More than 500 flights were dropped, causing a loss of 15,000 passengers and more than \$500,000 in revenue.

Air New England officials argue that the company must achieve the financial strength it needs to improve service by growing bigger. The CAB has granted it authority to expand its route to Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, among other cities. To do this, the company figures it will have to raise \$20 million to replace some of its short-haul planes with more modern jets. But President Butler admits that he has little chance of finding the cash "until we demonstrate more stability." Says he: "You have to learn to walk before you can run." Much less fly, as many an Air New England passenger would quickly add.



Passengers at Boston's Logan Airport boarding a flight to Hyannis  
"A hell of a job on the traveling public this summer."

treatment by some of the company's 650 employees—augmented in the peak season by 100 often inexperienced summer employees—to the quirky booking system. Reservations made through other airlines often are not entered in Air New England's computers. Many passengers complain that even if they book directly with Air New England, their reservations are lost or simply not honored. Because so many flights are sold out in advance, or just canceled (even in good weather), travelers routinely reserve seats on several flights. One result: overbooking, at least on the large Fairchilds, averages 25%. In fact, Air New England's booking problems have risen to the point where the CAB is now investigating its reservation procedures.

The airline cannot be blamed for the fog that frequently socks in Nantucket and the Vineyard. But when weather trouble seems likely, passengers are given little cards bearing a macabre and somewhat existential warning: DESTINATION DOUBTFUL. This relieves the airline of any obligation to put people up in a hotel in

## She's Not a Kid Any More

*She is the U.S. Open's youngest tennis champion ever*

Tracy Austin was a day late starting classes last week for her junior year at Rolling Hills High School outside Los Angeles. She had, nonetheless, been doing her homework for part of her academic program, "Work Experience." The Work: playing tennis on the professional tournament circuit. The Experience: winning the United States Open Tennis Championships to become, at 16, the youngest American champion in the history of the sport.

With metronomic precision, Austin beat Chris Evert-Lloyd, 24, at her own game, hammering faultlessly from the baseline for a straight-set win, 6-4, 6-3. When Evert-Lloyd drove her final forehand into the net at match point, Austin danced a delighted girlish jig, then rushed up to receive a maternal pat on the head from her opponent. Thus did the onetime queen of women's tennis pay homage to the now and future champion.

It was a fitting gesture for a precocious career. Tracy started dragging a sawed-off tennis racquet to the courts when she was three years old, and by ten had won the national twelve-year-old championships. At 14, she became the youngest player ever invited to compete at Wimbledon. Tracy captivated the crowd with her pigtails and braces, but was overpowered in the early rounds. The following year she played as an amateur in occasional women's tour events.

Shortly before turning 16 last December, Austin started to compete as a professional. A grown-up 5 ft. 4 in., 112 lbs., she quickly established herself as a rising force, winning the first three tournaments she entered. In May, Austin broke Evert-Lloyd's 125-match winning streak on clay courts at the Italian Open and climbed to the semifinals at Wimbledon with a stirring win over Billie Jean King. As the summer progressed, the youngster steadily grew "match-tough," honing her game physically and acquiring the mental resilience to stand up to relentless attack from her opponents. She reached the finals in the U.S. Championships by beating two-time Wimbledon Champ Martina Navratilova, 22, then forced error after error from the usually unflappable Evert-Lloyd in the finale. After her victory, Tracy said matter-of-factly: "I was always doing things younger, and it hasn't hurt me so far."

Austin is the most prodigious of a young crop of tennis stars who are doing things younger. The men's win-

ner at the U.S. Open was John McEnroe, at 20 the youngest champion since Pancho Gonzalez won the tournament in 1948 at 20. Andrea Jaeger, 14, an early-round Austin opponent, referred to Tracy as "an older woman." The tennis boom, with its allure of big prize money and international superstardom, has drawn thousands of youngsters into the game who might, in an earlier era, have focused on other sports. Coach Harry Hopman, the force behind the Australian tennis juggernaut in the '50s and '60s, notes: "Normally with a tennis player, youth needs quite a lot of experience before it can win." Players now start younger and receive competitive experience that just a generation ago could have been found only at the highest levels of the sport.

Carefully sheltered by her mother Jeanne, who works at a nearby tennis club, and her father George, a nuclear physicist, Tracy typically alternates a week on the tennis tour with two weeks of schoolwork and practice. That regimen allows for plenty of tournament play and an A average as well. "I just want my time at home to be normal," she says. Tracy has earned well in excess of \$300,000 in the past year, so her \$1-a-week allowance has been suspended. But she still must ask her mother for clothes money. Her older sister and two older brothers were serious tennis competitors; a third, John, 22, plays on the men's tour. "I'm the baby and it's helped my parents," Tracy says. "If they made any mistakes with the others, they didn't with me. Mom has watched all my lessons." So few mistakes were made that the youngest Austin has become the family's first big-time winner. Says Jeanne Austin: "People come up to John on the tour and say, 'We don't want your autograph, but could you forge Tracy's?'"

Chris Evert-Lloyd recalls her days as a teen tennis sensation and the difficult years that followed, and predicts some problems for young Tracy. Says Evert-Lloyd: "She's protected from the pressures now by her family. But pretty soon the girls will be gunning for her. The crowds may be cheering her opponent because she's the favorite to win. This may be the best time of her life as far as her tennis career goes."

For now, Austin is enjoying her moment at the top. "I don't think the full impact has hit me yet," she says. "With school starting, I haven't had a chance to think much about it." But her neighbors have. A billboard down the street from the Austins' white brick ranch house in Rolling Hills proclaims SECOND ANNUAL TRACY AUSTIN PRO-CELEBRITY TOURNAMENT. With a champion of 16 in residence, there should be many more to come.



Tracy Austin in action at the U.S. Open



A sawed-off tennis racquet at age three, a trophy at 16  
"I was always doing things younger."

# Discover Camel Lights



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Amy and Grits in happier times



Actress Jane Fonda, in leg warmers, working out at her gym in Beverly Hills

## People

While **Jimmy Carter** tried to outrun the attack-rabbit story, Daughter **Amy** bade goodbye to her maverick mongrel **Grits**. Born on Election Day 1976, Grits was a gift to the First Daughter from Verona Meeder, her fifth-grade teacher. The dog was returned, presidential aides insisted, because its mother had died, leaving Mrs. Meeder canineless. As usual, however, there were leaks in high places. One was that Amy's pet was sent back because, after 2½ years, it still was not White House broken.

It may be the only gym that contributes profits to California's Campaign for Economic Democracy, solar energy, tenants' rights and better housing. It could only be located in Beverly Hills, and the proprietress could only be **Jane Fonda**, who founded her health salon after

discovering how exercise helped her slim down for her bikini-clad role in *California Suite*. "I started classes, five times a week. It was the most amazing thing. That's when I got the idea to do this." On a clear day, the *Before*s can see an ideal *After*: Fonda herself, at 41 a svelte mother of two, scissoring and sitting up.

He brought along a hair dryer to blow out the candles on the six-foot-tall birthday cake. "I wasn't about to blow out 89 candles," said **Colonel Harland Sanders**, perkily paunchy in his familiar white suit at a Louisville party in his honor. Fifteen years ago Sanders sold the fried chicken business he started in 1936, but he still travels 250,000 miles yearly promoting the product for present owner Heublein, Inc. Lest anyone think he's less



Pilgrim in 1955 and now

than finger-lickin' good at his job, the colonel led his admiring crowd in a rousing version of *My Old Kentucky Home*.

and the mother of two teenage girls, Hefner's pioneer pinup is still as pretty as her picture.

At \$500,000 the mansion was a doubtful bargain, even with 26 rooms, 1.7 acres and a prime location in Long Island's *haute* summer town of East Hampton. And even with its notorious cachet as Grey Gardens, squallid home of the *Ediths Beale, mère et fille*, much publicized relatives of *Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis*. "My brother told me to drop the price to \$225,000 and it would sell," confessed Edie Beale, *file*, 60. It did, to buyers just as famous: **Ben Bradlee** and **Sally Quinn** of the *Washington Post*. "It's not in very good shape," said Bradlee. "But it will be fun to get it back into the lovely shape that it was in."

### On the Record

**Richard W. Lyman**, Stanford University president: "As our distrust of institutions and their leaders becomes overwhelming, we leave the way open either to bureaucratic *mauvaise* or to demagoguery."

**Richard M. Nixon**, in a new introduction to his 1962 *Six Crises* that adds Watergate as a dismal seventh: "History will justifiably record that my handling of the Watergate crisis was an unmitigated disaster."



Colonel Sanders hair-drying out his birthday-cake candles

# Medicine

## Deadly Legacy

### Genetic flaw signals cancer

Some families seem to be lightning rods for cancer. Malignant tumors of the breast, colon and other organs appear in family members with distressing frequency through the generations. Though these families can be identified, there has been no way to predict which individuals will develop cancer and thus no way to assure that their cancers will be detected early and treated. But now, for one such family, all that is changed. At Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, doctors for the first time have discovered an inherited chromosomal defect that seems to be a marker of cancer within a family.

The investigation leading to the discovery, reported last week in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, was launched three years ago when John Q. 37, checked in to the Boston hospital for surgery. He had malignant tumors in both

kidneys, a condition that occurs in only 1% to 2% of all Americans with renal cancer and almost never before age 50. While taking the patient's history, doctors were startled to learn that one of his aunts also had kidney cancer. Turning sleuths, a team led by Dr. Robert S. Brown studied 40 family members spanning three generations. The resulting statistics were extraordinary. Of the 40, ten had renal cancer, six of them in both kidneys.

Analyzing blood cells, doctors discovered that the cancer victims shared a specific defect in two of each cell's 23 paired chromosomes. Part of chromosome No. 3 was attached to chromosome 8 and vice versa, a condition that geneticists call balanced reciprocal translocation. Brown and his team speculate that the interchange first occurred in an ancestor, perhaps through spontaneous mutation. It affected genes on the chromosomes that may direct normal kidney growth or protect against kidney cancer. Passed on through the generations, the translocation seems to be a visible warning sign that

its bearer has a good chance of developing cancer.

Family members with the chromosomal abnormality but without the disease will be screened regularly in hopes of catching it early. Also, in a pregnancy, amniocentesis can determine if the fetus has inherited the defect, giving parents the option of abortion.

Whether the translocation will have some implications outside John Q.'s family is still unclear. People with renal cancer do not necessarily have the chromosomal switch, and those with the translocation do not always develop cancer. The doctors have taken cells from family members and frozen them, preserving them for the day when they have more sophisticated techniques for studying individual genes within the chromosomes. But until then they will be at a loss to explain exactly why a translocation can make a family cancer prone. Says Brown: "What we found may be a breakthrough. The fact is we don't know how to use it."

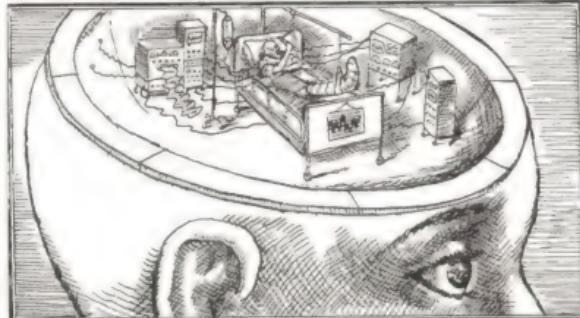
## Hospital Addict

### An Irishman sets a record

Stewart McIlroy may or may not have been born around 1915 in County Donegal, Ireland. Other facts of his life are equally vague. But to two London doctors who spent four years investigating hospital records in the British Isles, one thing about McIlroy is certain: he is an incurable hospital addict. In the past 34 years he has been admitted at least 207 times to 68 different hospitals in Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales for a breathtaking variety of diseases and disorders. Indeed McIlroy seems beyond doubt to be the all-time champion sufferer of Munchausen's syndrome.

Those afflicted with the syndrome (named after Baron Münchhausen, an 18th century raconteur whose tales of adventure made his name synonymous with exaggeration) are driven to immerse themselves in hospital dramas. With a combination of medical knowledge and dramatic flair, victims produce or fake symptoms so skillfully that they are admitted to hospitals, treated and often operated on for nonexistent disorders.

Tracing McIlroy's hospital visits was obviously a labor of love for Neurologist C.A. Pallis of Hammersmith Hospital and Rheumatologist A.N. Bamji of Middlesex Hospital. In their report to the *British Medical Journal*, they meticulously listed the 22 surnames and eight first names used in various combinations by McIlroy in registering at different hospitals. (McIlroy was identified by the description in clinical records of his scars and other physical characteristics.) The names of all the hospitals and the num-



ber of admittances to each were also faithfully recorded.

McIlroy's ruses worked in part because he had a real disability, a neurological disorder that affected his upper torso and arms and conceivably could have spread to other parts of his body. That made it easy for him to feign numbness wherever and whenever he chose. But he also could use medical jargon to describe the symptoms he could fake so well. When he suffered his frequent temporary losses of speech, he compensated by writing a technical account of his medical and personal history. These invariably included the fact that all his relatives had met violent deaths at the hands of I.R.A. "bombers and gunmen"—which made it difficult for anyone to check on his real identity.

McIlroy suffered mightily over the years to satisfy his addiction. He was subjected to thousands of X rays and blood

tests, his abdomen was crisscrossed with scars where doctors made incisions during exploratory operations. His spine was punctured 48 times to get spinal fluid in order to check for evidence of cranial hemorrhaging or spinal disorders. "How much Mr. McIlroy cost the health services," the doctors wrote, "will remain a matter for conjecture. The sum must run into six, possibly seven figures."

After checking into Belfast City Hospital in 1976 for one of his few legitimate visits (he had fallen and fractured his right leg), McIlroy made a few brief appearances at other hospitals and then disappeared for more than a year. The two investigators assumed that he had died. But he resurfaced at a Birmingham nursing home last June, then at hospitals in Ireland and Scotland, and was discharged from another one in London as recently as August. Diagnosis: McIlroy is alive—and still ailing—in the British Isles.

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## Medicine

### Tranquil Tales

Senate hears of Valium woes

"It was like somebody forced kerosene under your skin and every once in a while they set fire to it. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, I felt depressed." This description of going cold turkey was voiced last week not by a typical junkie but by Dr. William Thomas of Long Beach, Calif. Like the priest, banker, teacher and housewife who told similar tales at a Senate health subcommittee hearing, the doctor was not addicted to heroin. He and the others were hooked on so-called minor tranquilizers, particularly Valium, the nation's bestselling prescription drug.

Their problem is shared by untold numbers of Americans. According to Dr. Joseph Pursch, who has treated such notables as Betty Ford and Senator Herman Talmadge for addiction at the Long Beach Naval Regional Medical Center, overuse of tranquilizers ranks second only to alcoholism as the nation's major health problem. Says Subcommittee Chairman Edward Kennedy: "These drugs have produced a nightmare of dependence."

The causes are many. For example, pharmaceutical companies overpromote the drugs among physicians, often giving out free samples. (Said one doctor dependent on Librium: "I couldn't see any patients until the mailman came. Where other doctors would read their mail, I ate mine.") Physicians in turn often seem oblivious to the dangers of the drugs. When confronted with a patient who is mentally—rather than physically—distressed, they reach for the prescription pad. Says Pursch: "If a woman walks into her doctor's office and says, 'I'm nervous, my husband drinks too much,' the doctor will automatically give her a tranquilizer." But patients must also bear some blame. They often demand medication as proof that the physician is doing his job. Result: more than 44 million prescriptions were filled last year for Valium alone.

Hoffmann-La Roche, maker of Valium and Librium, contends that the incidence of addiction is low. The problem, says the company, comes from a small group of patients who either intentionally overdose themselves, stay on the medication too long or combine it with alcohol. Nevertheless, the company plans an educational campaign to alert patients to the risks of misusing Valium.

Tranquilizer addiction will surely remain a problem as long as Americans believe that salvation lies in a pill. Says Pursch: "These drugs make people feel better because they make them feel dull and insensitive. But they don't solve anything." His familiar message may be getting through: one survey shows that in the past six years, use of minor tranquilizers in the U.S. has dropped by 22%.



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Mercury Astronauts Wally Schirra, Deke Slayton, John Glenn and Scott Carpenter. Top Row: Alan Shepard, Gus Grissom and Gordon Cooper

## Books

### Skywriting with Gus and Deke

THE RIGHT STUFF by Tom Wolfe; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 436 pages; \$12.95

May 5, 1961: the day Alan Shepard scratched his back on the edge of space and America entered the manned space race. At last. Since 1957 there had been all those Sputniks—*Mechtas* and *Vostoks*—beeping overhead, clockwork reminders that the heavens were in the hands of the godless Bolshevik. The script had gone awry. A nation only 40 years from feudalism was secretly lobbing what looked like customized samovars at the free world while priggish Vanguards and Jupiters wilted on their pads or exploded prematurely for all the world to see. Democracy could be embarrassing.

The oaken voice of Walter Cronkite echoes in the memory of America's entry into the competition. There were resonant suspense at lift-offs and tremors of pride at splashdowns. America still had the right stuff. Wolfe's buzz word for the indefinable attributes of the astronauts. His long awaited book about test pilots and the Mercury flights recalls those years through the eyes and nerve endings of the first astronauts, their wives and even the conditioned chimpanzees who rode prototype capsules downrange from Cape Canaveral. The chimp's "heart rate shot up as he strained against the force, but he didn't panic for a moment. He had been through this same sensation many times on the centrifuge. As long as he just took it and didn't struggle, they wouldn't zap all those goddamned blue bolts into the

#### Excerpt

“A young fighter jock was like the preacher in *Moby Dick* who climbs up into the pulpit on a rope ladder and then pulls the ladder up behind him; except the pilot could not use the words necessary to express the vital lessons... He wanted to associate only with other fighter pilots. Who else could understand the nature of the little proposition (right stuff/death) they were all dealing with? And what other subject could compare with it?... To talk about it in so many words was forbidden, of course. The very words *death*, *danger*, *bravery*, *fear* were not to be uttered except in the occasional specific instance or for ironic effect. Nevertheless, the subject could be adumbrated in *code* or by *example*. Hence the endless evenings of pilots huddled together talking about flying. On these long and drunken evenings... certain theorems would be propounded and demonstrated—and all by *code* and *example*. One theorem was: There are no accidents and no fatal flaws in the machines; there are only pilots with the wrong stuff.”

soles of his feet. There were a lot worse things in this world than g-forces... The main thing was to keep ahead of those blue bolts in the feet!... He started pushing the buttons and throwing the switches like the greatest electric Wurlitzer organist who ever lived...”

The jazzy mix of facts and fictional technique, Céline's ellipses, the gadzooks delivery and a presumptuous ape's-eye view that would have curled Henry James' worsteds—these are unmistakable parts of Wolfe's style. It is still called the New Journalism, although the form is as old as the Beatles and the author is now 48. Like the Beatles, Wolfe has had a revolutionary impact on his field. His imitators have spread like dandelion fluff, and his work still stirs furious debate.

Yet even the creakiest practitioner of the inverted-pyramid style of journalism will have to agree that behind the mannered realism of *The Right Stuff* thumps the heart of a traditionalist. The organizing principle of the book is an old-fashioned fascination with, and admiration for, the test pilots and fighter jocks of the U.S.'s first astronaut team: Scott Carpenter, Gordon Cooper, John Glenn, Gus Grissom, Wally Schirra, Alan Shepard and Deke Slayton. In addition, the book has a superhero, Chuck Yeager, a World War II combat veteran who broke the sound barrier in 1947 and rewrote aviation history in experimental rocket-powered planes of the '50s and early '60s.

Yeager dips out of Wolfe's pages as the undisputed king of the right stuff. the man whose no-sweat, West Virginia drawl sounds like the archetype for modern air-

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## Books

lines ("We've got a little ol' red light up here on the control panel that's tryin' to tell us that the *landin'* gears're not . . . uh . . . *lockin'* into position"). He is also the book's main foil, a member of a vanishing breed of hot-rock pilot in an age of increasingly automated flight.

The astronauts were sensitive about their missions' being controlled by earth-bound technicians. The chosen seven had pulled out of enough tight corners and survived enough glitches to rise to the top of what Wolfe, in a seizure of cliché avoidance, calls "the ziggurat." As a reminder that he was there too, Yeager told reporters he did not want to be an astronaut because they did not do real flying. He then rubbed it in by saying that "a monkey's gonna make the first flight." Shepard, Glenn and company bucked back, demanding and getting concessions like an override control stick and windows in the capsule. The men had been selected for their experience, superb physical conditioning and ability to stand psychological stress. What the groundlings had not anticipated was commensurate egos.

John Glenn, for example, Wolfe sketches him as a bit of a prig, a jogging, strait-laced Presbyterian driving an underpowered Peugeot, who scolded his colleagues for their after-hours whoopee. The current Senator from Ohio, Wolfe suggests, may have gone to NASA officials in an effort to replace Shepard on the first flight. Others, too, according to Wolfe, would act in ways that demonstrated that "feeling of superiority, appropriate to him and to his kind." Gus Grissom almost certainly blew the hatch too soon, flooding and sinking his capsule, and then stubbornly maintained that the machine "malfunctioned." Scott Carpenter, a man who could hold his breath for 171 seconds, ignored warnings about wasting hydrogen peroxide fuel and nearly skipped off the earth's atmosphere during re-entry.

Six years in the research and writing, Wolfe's most ambitious work is crammed with inside poop and racy incident that 19 years ago was ignored by what he terms the "proper Victorian Gents" of the press. The fast cars, booze, astro groups, the envies and injuries of the military caste system were not part of what Americans would have considered the right stuff. Wolfe lays it all out in brilliantly staged *Op Lit* scenes: the tacky cocktail lounges of Cocoa Beach where one could hear the *Horst Wessel Song* sung by ex-rocket scientists of the Third Reich. Vice President Lyndon Johnson furiously cooling his heels outside the Glenn house because Annie Glenn would not let him in during her husband's countdown; Alan Shepard losing a struggle with his full bladder moments before lift-off, the overeager press terrifying Ham the chimp after his proficient flight; the astronauts surrounded by thousands of cheering Texans waving hunks of rare meat during an honorary barbecue in the Houston Coliseum.

Although Wolfe touches on space-race politics and the psychology of courage, his views are neither unconventional nor meant to be. As our finest verbal illustrator of trends and fashions, he is interested in the truths that lie on surfaces. These truths are not superficial, though they are frequently overlooked in an age partial to overexplanations and psychic temperature taking. A 19th century novelist of manners would have understood perfectly. Readers in the 21st century will too, when they turn to Wolfe to find out the kind of stuff their grandparents were made of.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Nearly 15 years ago, a vanilla tornado named Tom Wolfe whirled out of *Esquire* and the *New York Herald Tribune's* Sunday magazine supplement to announce the coming of the pop-rock culture. Readers accustomed to spending their weekends with articles like "Brazil: Colossus of the South" were suddenly snapping awake to such Wolfean fare as "Oh, Rotten Gotham—Sliding Down Into the Behavioral Sink," "Natalie Wood and the Shockkkkk of Recognition" and "Muva Earth and Cupidope Pants." The prose itself rolled in with words like "lollegagging" and "infarcted," embedded in pages that were covered with a confetti of punctuation marks.



Tom Wolfe

The writer was equally eye-catching: a tall, pale, boyish figure whose trademark was a gleaming white suit. He looked like a collegian out of Held's Angels, or a swell in Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*. Raised in Richmond, Va., Wolfe spoke softly and courteously.

exuding an air of the right stuff. But he wrote like a hit man. "Tiny Mummies: The True Story of the Ruler of 43rd Street's Land of the Walking Dead!" was a surprise attack on the genteel *New Yorker* magazine and its shy, venerated editor, William Shawn. A shocked cultural establishment struck back. An outraged Joseph Alsop and E.B. White called Wolfe's piece brutal, misleading and irresponsible. Richard Goodwin sent a bolt from the White House. "I didn't think I'd survive," says Wolfe, "but it taught me a lesson. You can be denounced from the heavens, and it only makes people interested."

He put that lesson to use again in 1970 when he discovered an invitation on a colleague's desk announcing a cocktail party honoring the Black Panthers. The event was to be held at the Manhattan home of Maestro Leonard Bernstein. Wolfe attended, steno pad and ball point ready. The result was *Radical Chic*, another heretical howler that captured the well-intentioned banalities of "limousine lib-

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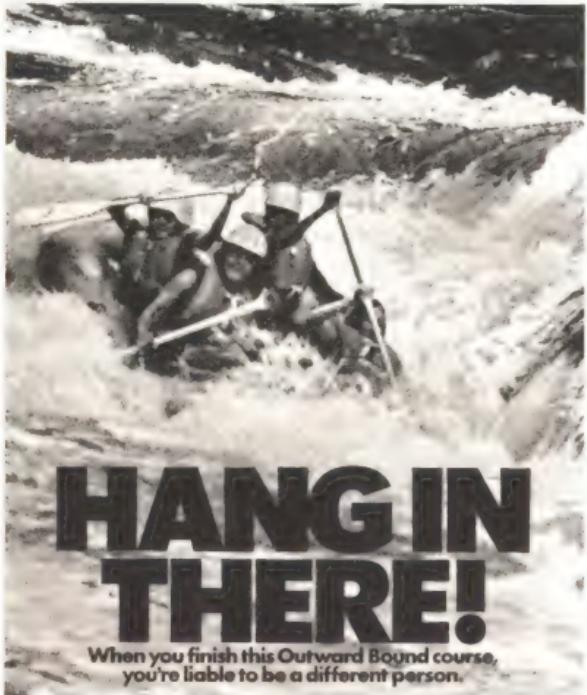
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## Books

erals." A few years later, in *The Painted Word*, Wolfe took on the New York art establishment, setting forth the impish thesis that a few powerful critics controlled what was painted and sold.

Wolfe is certainly a man who would rather lead than follow. *The Right Stuff* grew out of his "curiosity about what made men shoot dice with death." What he discovered in thousands of miles and more than 100 interviews was that pilots lived "in a world where there are no honorable alternatives." Wolfe has already done all the research on Gemini, Apollo and Skylab, and plans to write about them as well. Why did the current book take six years? "It was a structural problem," he says. "There are no surprises in the plot and a great many characters."

While waiting for his muse, the author took on other writing assignments, including a 20,000-word introduction to a book about the New Journalism. He also was married, 16 months ago, to Sheila Berger, the art director of *Harper's* magazine. The couple live in a town-house apartment at the heart of Bloomingdale country in Manhattan's East 60s. Wolfe, in fact, is the flaneur of Third Avenue, who enjoys few things more than window shopping and observing his fellow East-siders in their varying plumage. He himself owns nine \$600 white suits, a style he says sadly has been debased by *The Great Gatsby* and *Saturday Night Fever* knock-offs. He recently went to yellow silk, but notes that the suit is so loud "dogs skulk away."

Wolfe's unchanging style of expensive elegance is clearly a harmless form of aggression and a splendidly aggressive advertisement for his individuality. The game requires a lot of reverse spin and body English but it boils down to antic chic. Exclaims Wolfe proudly: "I own no summer house, no car, I wear tank tops when I swim, long white pants when I play tennis, and I'm probably the last man in America to still do the Royal Canadian Air Force exercises."

## Harrowing Sex

THE PASSION ARTIST

by John Hawkes

Harper & Row; 185 pages; \$9.95

Novelist John Hawkes, 54, is a writer who has been read too little and interpreted too much. This is partly his own doing. His first two books came out of a writing class that he took at Harvard in the late 1940s, and his fiction has continued to radiate qualities dear to the hearts of academic critics: fractured narrative lines, surrealistic landscapes surrounded by the chiaroscuro of despair, irony, symbols galore and, most important, a self-conscious sense of being difficult. Small wonder that so much of his work has seemed to move straight from printing press to college syllabus. Yet it

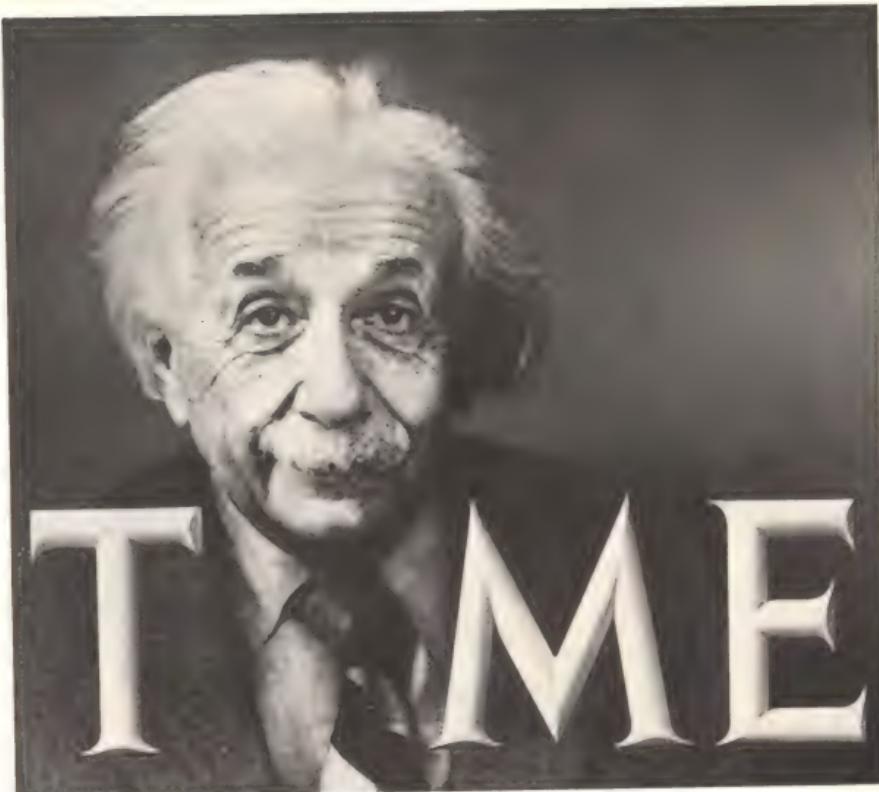


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## The Next Step

The abolition of the statute of limitations is a major victory for all of us who labor in support of humanitarian objectives, but this particular job is not complete. Before the book on Nazi war crimes can be closed, we—and millions of others around the world—want to see Auschwitz's infamous "Angel of Death" Dr. Joseph Mengele brought to the bar of justice. In response to the Center's efforts in the U.S. Congress, the Supreme Court of Paraguay has annulled Joseph Mengele's citizenship. Now we must continue to press for his extradition to West Germany. Write the center for information on how you can help support this effort.

## The Multimedia "Holocaust Experience"

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## Books

has never been necessary to go to school to acquire a taste for Hawkes. At its best his writing is vividly accessible, and almost always disturbing. His recurrent subject is the eruption of some dark, violent passion into the turmoil of mental life, and his prose strains not only to describe this event but to re-create it. Hawkes at peak intensity is the literary equivalent of delirium.

The passion that has increasingly dominated Hawkes' recent books (*The Blood Oranges*, *Travesty*) is sex. *The Passion Artist*, his eighth novel, dwells still more obsessively on this subject. The title begins in irony. Konrad Vost is neither passionate nor an artist but rather an epitome of timid rationality. Hawkes stresses his hero's stylized anonymity, his "small perfectly round gold-rimmed spectacles, his two ill-fitting suits of black serge, his black turtleneck shirts, his pointed shoes that were always worn at the heels and covered with a faint dusting of powdered concrete from the walls of unfinished buildings . . ." Vost dwells in a characterless (and imaginary) European town, works as "a mere clerk in a dismal pharmacy" and plays doting father to his teen-age daughter, Mirabelle. Two other women dominate his thoughts: his late wife Claire and his mother Eva, an inmate of La Violaine, the town's prison for women.

So far, so Kafkaesque. But Vost's prissy, virginal middle age is soon disrupted. He accidentally learns that his daughter is a prostitute; catatonically, he submits to the ministrations of one of Mirabelle's schoolmates before going off to report his daughter to the police. When the women of La Violaine stage a revolt, Vost is among the volunteers who enter the prison, armed with long sticks, and try to beat the women into submission. They fail, and Vost embarks on a nightmare journey over the terrain of lust.

At this point Hawkes runs into some

problems. His prose, ordinarily under careful control, heats up to match the fevered imagination of his aroused hero. Vost meets a policeman with a dog: "The beast was straining so fiercely on its leash that its front feet were free of the ground and its snarling jaws were not a hand's length from the center of his own body where lay the living entrails the animal clearly wished to rip and masticate while still steaming in the heat of his blood." Phantasmagoric or no, purple prose is still purple prose. The instructive side of Vost's experiences nearly gets lost in this din. He is supposed to be harrowing the deepest regions of sex, well beneath its paradoxes: procreative and anarchic, ethereal and brutal. But Vost seems remarkably ill-equipped for such a job, and much of the evidence he discovers is sex is "a bed of stars . . . a bed of hot coals"; seems hardly worth the effort.

*The Passion Artist* is not quite an allegory; its literal plane is too lush and fully realized. Nor can it simply be taken literally. Hawkes is too clearly up to something behind the scenes. Its meaning is thus thrown somewhere in the middle distance, where the vistas are murky and the visibility slight. As a result, the novel finally stirs without satisfying; it does not so much explore sex as mime its mysteries.

—Paul Gray

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

- 1 Sophie's Choice.  
*Syron* (1 last week)
- 2 The Last Enchantment.  
*Stewart* (2)
- 3 The Matarese Circle.  
*Lund* (3)
- 4 Class Reunion. *Jaffe* (4)
- 5 The Dead Zone. *King* (9)
- 6 The Third World War.  
*Hackett et al.* (5)
- 7 War and Remembrance.  
*Weuk* (6)
- 8 Shibusi. *Trevanian* (7)
- 9 Triple. *Follett*
- 10 Tinsel. *Goldman*

### NONFICTION

- 1 The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet. *Tarnower & Baker* (1)
- 2 Cruel Shoes. *Martin* (2)
- 3 The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise. *Pritikin with McGrady* (3)
- 4 The Powers That Be. *Halberstam* (5)
- 5 How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years. *Ruff* (4)
- 6 Restoring the American Dream. *Ringer*
- 7 Broca's Brain. *Sagan* (6)
- 8 The Medusa and the Snail. *Thomas* (9)
- 9 The White Album. *Didion* (7)
- 10 Quest for the Best. *Marcus*



John Hawkes

Nightmare journey over the terrain of lust.

## Milestones

**SEEKING DIVORCE.** Karolyn Rose, 37, from flamboyant Philadelphia Philly **Pete Rose**, 38, one of the highest-paid players in baseball; on the ground of "gross neglect of duty"; after 15 years of marriage, a daughter and a son; in Cincinnati.

**DIED.** Dr. Agostinho Neto, 56, President of Angola since its independence in 1975; following surgery for cancer; in Moscow (see WORLD).

**DIED.** Ayatollah Mahmoud Taleghani, 74, an advocate of moderation within the Iranian theocracy, revealed upon his death to have been chairman of the secretive Revolutionary Council, Iran's chief ruling body, of a heart attack; in Tehran. Taleghani was the first religious leader to pronounce the monarchy "illegal" and the first to be arrested for doing so. He remained in Iran throughout the Pahlavi reign, spending a dozen years in prison, but also shaping the groundswell movement that brought the exiled Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini to power. Known for his tolerance, Taleghani served as Khomeini's mediator in disputes with the Kurds and other dissident groups. His own differences with the leader nearly forced a showdown in April when Khomeini arrested two of Taleghani's sons. To popular acclaim, Taleghani warned then against a "return to despotism."

**DIED.** Joel Sayre, 78, maverick reporter and screenwriter; of a heart attack; in Taftsville, Vt. At 16, Sayre left college to join the Canadian army for World War I service in Siberia. After graduating from Oxford, he covered Gangster "Legs" Diamond and the underworld for the New York *Herald Tribune*. In 1933 he published *Racketry Rax*, an uproarious satire about football and the Mob, and followed it to Hollywood, where it became a film and he became a scriptwriter on such classics as *Gunga Din* and *Annie Oakley*.

**DIED.** Roy E. Larsen, 80, Time Inc. magazine marketing wizard, a creator of *The March of Time* and first publisher of *LIFE*, who was a top Time Inc. executive for 56 years, 21 of them as president; in Fairfield, Conn. (see PRESS).

**DIED.** André Meyer, 81, Paris-born investment banker who dominated Wall Street's aggressive Lazard Frères & Co. for 34 years; of pneumonia; in Lausanne, Switzerland. A star at Lazard's Paris affiliate before fleeing France in 1940, Meyer became senior partner at the firm's Manhattan headquarters in 1944 and turned a cautious house into a corporate merger machine instrumental in the making of such giants as RCA and ITT. A compulsive worker, he amassed a fortune estimated at half a billion dollars, became an adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and gave millions to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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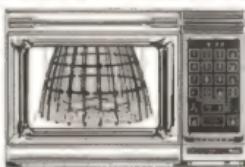


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# Television

## Family Feud

*Carson and NBC go to court*

**N**ot since Fred Allen and Jack Benny went at each other on the radio has broadcasting seen such a feud. But whereas Allen and Benny were friends who fought for laughs, Johnny Carson and NBC President Fred Silverman are in earnest. The outcome of their battle will affect both men's careers and the immediate future of an ailing NBC. Last week they took their dispute to a Los Angeles judge, who must decide whether Carson has a valid contract with the network.

Carson says that he does not. Basing his case on a California law barring certain personal contracts from being extended beyond seven years, he claims that he has in fact been a free agent since last April—seven years from the signing of his 1972 pact. NBC asserts that there have been three separate agreements since then, the last of which not only gave Carson more money but reduced the hours he has to spend as host of the *Tonight* show.

He has legally bound himself to NBC, the network contends, until April 1981. Network sources also say the contract stipulates that he not do a talk show for anybody else for a year after that. To settle the argument quickly, both sides have taken advantage of a legal short cut and submitted their case to retired Judge Parks Stillwell. Even so, his decision may not be ready for several months.

For third-place NBC, and for Silverman in particular, the outcome may be crucial. The *Tonight* show is reported to bring in 17% of the network's pretax earnings, and it is a special prize for the affiliates, which can sell 50 minutes of local commercials on the show each week, compared with only 33 minutes for all of a

week's prime time. If Carson, NBC's top star, jumps to another network, presumably first-place ABC, more of NBC's affiliates may abandon Silverman's leaky ship.

The troubles really started when Silverman arrived at NBC in June 1978. For years the network had taken care to soothe Carson, and Senior Vice President Dave Tebet provided him with champagne, flowers, limousines and all the other things a supercharged ego needs. Tebet left in the reshuffle after Silverman took over, and the Dom Pérignon was forgotten. Carson was further annoyed when the new president, in an appearance on his anniversary show, was tongue-tied on-camera. He was infuriated when Silverman later prodded him publicly to appear on the show more often.

Executives at ABC, by contrast, were exuberant in their praise after Carson's performance as host of the Academy Awards on their network in April, and they gave him an expensive ostrich-skin attaché case. Last June, Carson, vacationing on the French Riviera, found himself staying at the same hotel as ABC Executives Elton Rule and Fred Pierce. They went sailing, and Carson told friends that he developed a fast rapport with the men from ABC.

Even if NBC wins the court case, it may find that disgruntled star is worse than no star at all. Carson has taken to using his show to ridicule the network. "NBC is kind of desperate," he told his audience last week. "I understand that for every NBC show you watch, you'll get a \$400 rebate." It was one of his funniest lines, but it doubtless caused little laughter in the Silverman household.

## New Season: III

*Sad Lydia, sterile John, dim Paris*

**L**ove for Lydia (Sept. 23, PBS). Fluff up the cushions and settle back into the easy chair. It is time for another British soap opera from *Masterpiece Theater*. Appropriately, this sad tale of the dangers of love, taken from a novel by the late H.E. Bates, begins its run on the first day of autumn and continues through the season, ending Dec. 9. Lydia Aspen (Mel Martin) is a beautiful young heiress who comes to Aspen House on the death of her father in 1929. Three middle-class youths from the town, a factory center in the Midlands, fall in love with her. Two of them find the attraction fatal, but the third lives to tell the story and use it as the subject matter for his first novel. The pace is glacial, but the series is slowly—ever so slowly—engrossing. The acting is superb, and Christopher Blake is little short of wonderful as the shy but always believable writer.

—Gerald Clarke



**Mel Martin as the fatal Lydia Aspen**

*An autumnal tale of the dangers of love.*

Trapper John, M.D. (Sept. 23, CBS, 10 p.m.). This *M\*A\*S\*H* spin-off is the most misproduced show of the season: a seemingly foolproof idea completely spoiled by well, fools. The series picks up its title character (originally played on television by Wayne Rogers) 28 years after Korea. Nowadays Trapper John is chief of surgery at a San Francisco hospital, and he is acted with consummate world-weariness by Pernell Roberts. A few grafted-on references to *M\*A\*S\*H* notwithstanding, the show turns out to be nothing but an inept *Marcus Welby* retread. The plotting is vague, the tedious medical crises are easily averted, and the comedy leaden. As always in this genre, there is a young sidekick for the middle-aged hero. This time out, the second banana calls himself Gonzo, purports to be a Viet-Nam veteran, looks and acts like a fashion model and lives in a very cute van called the *Titanic S.O.S.*

Paris (Sept. 29, CBS, 10 p.m.). The good James Earl Jones, last seen in *Roots* 2, is an actor whose somber presence often gives way to humanizing bursts of humor. The bad James Earl Jones is so unrelievedly grave he could turn an audience to stone. This series, which casts Jones as Police Detective Woody Paris, brings out the actor's worst. Watching Paris explain his crime-solving logic is about as much fun as hearing an insurance sales pitch. The show's troubles do not end there. The supporting cast is amateurish, and the identity of the murder culprit in the opening episode can be guessed after the first scene. It does not take much longer than that to deduce the ultimate fate of Paris.

—Frank Rich



**Silverman and Carson at a party in May**

*The loudest fight since Benny and Allen.*

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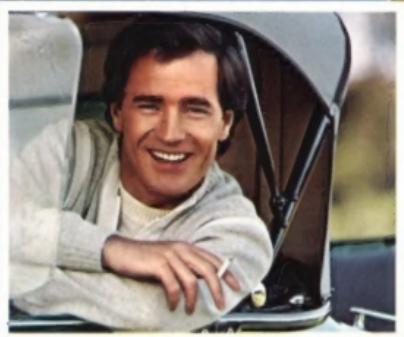
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